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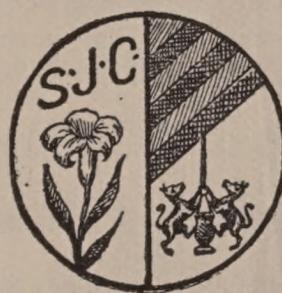
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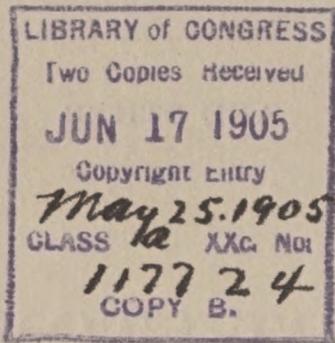
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THE
TRAGEDY THAT WINS
AND OTHER
SHORT STORIES.

John J. X. O'Connor.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JOHN JOSEPH McVEY.
1905.



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PREFACE.

THE "Short Story," is the characteristic type of Literature in America, in the Twentieth Century.

These short stories were written by the Seniors and Juniors of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. They are the work of one class, the English class.

They are given as they were written, in clear, simple English, and tell an interesting tale without attracting attention to the medium of thought, either by elaboration or fine writing, or obscurity of expression. In the judgment of scholars, competent critics, and general readers, some of these stories are in no way inferior in interest and merit to many of the widely heralded prize

Preface

stories of current literature. It is no small credit to the training of an English class that nearly all of its usual work should merit commendation.

THE EDITOR.

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THE TWO RED LIGHTS.

“HELLO there, Charlie.”

“Hello, is that you, John? It’s so awfully dark I can hardly see. How’s your automobile to-night?”

“Fine; it can beat anything in Glenloch; how’s yours?”

“Well, I think mine is a little bit better.”

“I don’t believe it, and there’s only one thing to do, and you know what it is.”

“Don’t you think it’s too dark to-night? Although I suppose at the hotel they can send the boys to clear the road; well, come on.”

So down to the hotel they went, each eager to prove the truth of his words. As usual, a great many people had gathered at the hotel to discuss current events, and when informed that a race was about to take place, they had something new to talk about. While all

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were preparing for the race, Charlie noticed Alice Weymouth, the proprietor's daughter, and Jack Borden just passing down the steps. A hurried conversation between the two followed, and it was decided that a toss should tell which should have the pleasure of racing with the prettiest girl in the county by his side.

"Hello, Jack," they called, but Jack didn't seem to hear them.

Again they called ; and Jack, guessing probably that their real intention was to call Miss Weymouth, reluctantly turned, and walked back to the machines.

"Would you mind being time-keeper for us," said John, "and let Alice enjoy the race in one of the cars? It will be great sport, and she will like it."

"I suppose so," he said ; "I guess she would rather go with you anyway."

"O, don't be so mean, Jack," said Alice, "it will be just lovely; we can take our walk to-morrow. Just to think,

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I can really be in a great big automobile race."

Jack Borden, sullen and silent, and burning with hatred, sought a way of delivering a telling blow at his more pleasant and more favored rival, Charlie Elmore.

All noticed his sullenness, and it was not until Mr. Weymouth appeared to announce the conditions of the race, that attention was turned from him.

"First," announced Mr. Weymouth, "the course will be around this farm to the blacksmith shop, and back by the pike.

"Secondly, the leading machine must keep to the right.

"Thirdly, one tail-light will be used on the rear of each machine.

"Fourthly, the contestants are cautioned, as the night is dark, to keep, in passing, at least two feet to the left of the tail light of the machine ahead."

At these last words, Jack Borden

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seemed to awaken. He rose with a start, a triumphant smile upon his face.

“Tail light? Two feet to the left? I have it.”

The machines were inspected, the tail-lights adjusted, and the whole party was at the front of the machines giving instructions, advice, and betting that Charlie’s machine alone could win; and no one asked why, for they all knew. Alice Weymouth would be in that car. Charlie’s machine was to start fifteen seconds ahead of John’s, as it had greater weight, carrying two persons. Jack Borden alone remained back of the machines, as if inspecting them, and when the talk and laughter was loudest, as quick as a cat he had stooped out of view behind the machine, and was soon changing from *left* to *right*, the tail-light of Charlie’s machine.

In a minute it was all over, and with a smiling and contented countenance, he joined the crowd.

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That machine, Charles Elmore had worked for, day and night, and Jack Borden knew it; and so again and again he thought that now at least for once, Charlie Elmore would work hard again for the same machine.

When all was ready, he fired the first signal shot, and Charlie started amid the loudest cheers.

Fifteen seconds later, and John, mid the same hearty applause, also started.

No one noticed the changed tail-light; they were busy with other things.

So they started, the applauding spectators seeing nothing but dust and—two red lights.

John knew he would have a hard time beating Charlie, but he made up his mind that if he did lose, he would not come very far behind.

They were coming to the turn around the farm, and John knew that Charlie, since he was on the inside, must slow up. He did slow up, and of course

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John did not. Nearer and nearer came the little red light, and when the curve was reached, he knew he must get ahead.

With full power on, he steered for *two feet* to the *left* of the *little red light*, and as he came almost on top of the other machine, he saw, too late, that instead of passing, he must surely smash into it.

At that moment he saw the misplaced light; it meant, probably, some one's death; he knew the cause.

With terrific force, he struck the wheel of the first car, sending it into splinters; the car stumbled on for a few paces, and finally turned into the ditch by the roadside, throwing Charlie and Alice from the car.

His own car was uninjured, and, as soon as possible, having shut off all power in the disabled machine, he hastened to see how its occupants had fared.

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He found Charlie attempting to get up, which, on account of a sprained ankle, was almost impossible.

“Don’t mind me, John, see to Alice.”

This was hardly necessary, for John was already bending over the form of the unconscious girl.

“Bring your machine over, John, and hurry, for we can’t tell what may be wrong.”

Without hesitating a moment, he turned the car and, having helped Charlie in, lifted the girl and placed her, as tenderly as his nervous condition would permit, on the floor of the car.

Then a second race was begun.

All the people at the hotel, with the exception of one, began to wonder at the non-appearance of the contestants, and when, soon after, they saw but one machine returning, and that too on the same road over which it had started, they rightly guessed that something was wrong.

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John lost no time. As soon as he came within hearing distance, he hastily called out,

“Some one, quick, 'phone for the ambulance.”

Mr. Weymouth, Jack Borden, and all the rest, rushed up to the approaching machine to find out what the trouble was. Mr. Weymouth, shocked and terrified by the death-like countenance of his daughter, breathed the words that moved the hearts of all the by-standers,

“She's dead!”

And Jack Borden was there; he saw that his starting shot had been aimed at the heart of the girl he loved. And when the awful words of her father reached his ears, his clenched hand reached for his hip-pocket, but what he sought for was not there, and with

“My God, she's dead, and I have killed her!” he sank to the ground in a swoon.

While he was being gently laid on the

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porch, the visiting physician to the hotel, after a brief examination of the girl, pronounced it as "probably only a nervous shock."

By this time the ambulance had arrived, and with the father and an attendant beside the girl, it drove off, entirely disappearing from view, except *the two red lights.*

"Well," said one of the bystanders, "they're off, and I hope they win this race."

While this was being said, Jack Borden slowly opened his eyes.

Like a madman, he stood up and glared.

"Who said they're off? Who said win a race?" He spied the two red lights on the fleeing ambulance. "Great heavens! you're right, stop them, I say, I've changed the light. See, now, they're getting nearer."

With a wild dash down the steps, he rushed towards the fleeing vehicle, but,

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before he had taken very many steps, tripped and fell, shouting at the same time,

“I’ll save you; yes, I’ll save you; I have it, there now. I—my God, it won’t go out.”

The ambulance that night made another trip, but its second burden was a corpse, and—the two red lights.

THE DEAD INDIAN.

“THESE tropical storms are certainly in a class by themselves. Here it has been raining since nine o’clock yesterday morning and now it is two o’clock in the afternoon, and almost time for my appointment with that rebel Vyasa, and yet there is no sign of it abating. I wonder if he will come.”

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered man, attired in the uniform of a British General. At the present time he was engaged in the exceedingly unpleasant task of quelling the native insurrection which had started in the city of Delhi, and spread through the province. Within a short time he had defeated all the native princes with the exception of one, Vyasa, who continually avoided a pitched battle yet harassed the English on every occasion. He seemed, however, to regard the struggle

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as useless, for on the day previous he had sent a messenger to the headquarters of Butler, who was located at a friendly planter's by the name of Bohamba, asking for an interview in regard to drawing up terms for the surrender of Vyasa's army. It was while awaiting his arrival that Butler gave expression to the remarks which I have quoted.

In answer to his last one as to whether Vyasa would come or not, a young, well-built officer sitting on the opposite side of the room asserted with great vehemence: "Hindoos are like American Indians, the only good one is a dead one," and "It was dollars to doughnuts whether Vyasa would put in an appearance or not." The elder officer was about to reply when the door was suddenly opened and a servant entered, accompanied by the smiling Vyasa.

"Good day, Sahibs," he said, bowing to both officers.

The Dead Indian

The officers acknowledged his salutation and bowed in turn.

“Is it the Sahibs’ pleasure that we should now arrange the terms of surrender,” he said to Gen. Butler.

“I am entirely at your disposal,” returned the General.

“Very well, Sahibs,” answered the Hindoo. Drawing chairs up to the table, they were soon deep in an animated discussion, which was frequently interrupted by the too explosive General, and at last abruptly ended by his seemingly sudden determination to accept none but an unconditional surrender of all the men and guns. The Hindoo hotly protested, but at length deprecatingly assented, and after signing the written agreement arose to take his departure.

It had ceased raining, and the young officer, Lieutenant Johnson, a cousin of the General’s, being desirous of a walk, said he would accompany the Hindoo to

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the outposts of the camp. After a rather lengthy walk they reached the last sentry, and after walking some three-score paces beyond his beat, the Lieutenant bade his companion good-day and started to retrace his steps. He had scarcely walked two paces when he heard a step behind, and the next instant a gleaming dagger was buried deep in his side. "Hindoos best dead," hissed Vyasa, and vanished into the dense woods. With a stifled moan the Lieutenant sank to the ground in an unconscious heap. So silently had the assassin executed his work that the sentry stationed but a short distance away, and who did not see the attack, heard not a sound, and would in all probability have remained ignorant had his attention not been attracted by the crashing of twigs by the fleeing Vyasa. Like a flash his gun went up to his shoulder, but the bullet just grazed the Hindoo's head and lodged in a nearby tree. Before he

The Dead Indian

could attempt another the Hindoo disappeared in a dense thicket. Summoning help, the sentry had the wounded Lieutenant conveyed to the hospital, while a detachment scoured the woods in search of the Hindoo. Their search was in vain; the wily Hindoo had eluded them.

Meanwhile General Butler, after giving vent to his rage at the cowardly act of the Hindoo, and resolving on some rather strong action, tore up the agreement and vowed to take Vyasa dead or alive. Orders were quickly given, and in a few hours' time the little army was on the march bent to capture the rebel stronghold fifteen miles away. To this place Butler shrewdly suspected Vyasa would flee. The fight which resulted on their arrival there, could hardly be called a battle, for on account of the poor training and still worse marksmanship of the Hindoos, the English scaled the walls and captured the fort in a single rush. Fighting like a demon in

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one corner was the wily Vyasa who did not give up until he had been rendered insensible by a heavy blow from a soldier's rifle. Commanding the prisoners to be collected together, the General ordered the homeward march.

On their arrival the more seriously wounded of the prisoners were sent to the hospital, among these being Vyasa, who, besides a deep cut in the head and a gash in the cheek, limped as if wounded in the leg. As chance would have it, he was assigned the cot next to the Lieutenant's, towards whom he cast angry glances. The Lieutenant in return simply smiled.

* * * *

Taps had sounded, all the patients in the ward were deeply sleeping, so the attendant in charge, donning his coat, strolled outside to enjoy a smoke. He had scarcely vanished when the patient in the cot next the Lieutenant's, after moving about, assumed a sitting posi-

The Dead Indian

tion. Assuring himself that all was well, he stealthily crept to the Lieutenant's cot, and drawing a short sword, which hung on a chair nearby, from its scabbard, plunged it again and again into the breast of the sleeping form. At last he had succeeded, for the Lieutenant gave a faint gasp and breathed no more. Smoothing the coverings on both beds, Vyasa quickly crept into the clothes of the Lieutenant, and crouching behind the door awaited the return of the attendant. His vigil was soon rewarded, for the attendant all unconscious of the hidden assassin, approached the entrance. Hardly had he crossed the threshold when a stunning blow from behind knocked him senseless. Noiselessly Vyasa vanished into the night.

Some hours afterward the attendant came to, and after giving the alarm, an investigation was made among the patients. Vyasa's cot was, of course,

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found empty, but when the Lieutenant's dead body was found, rage seized all. Lying on the bed was a blood-stained sword, and pinned on the breast of the Lieutenant was a piece of blood-stained paper with these words: "Only good Hindoo is a dead one—but who knows?"

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

THERE was a group of lawyers and doctors, men celebrated in their various professions, gathered around the open fire-place in the luxurious smoking-room of a down-town club.

The smoke from the many cigars combined to make the air thick; and the clink of glasses intermingled here and there with a pop and fizz told that good cheer was not lacking. Usually on such occasions, when there is a plentiful sufficiency, the kinks in men's tongues become loosened, and strange experiences are oft-times heard. Nor was this an exception to the general rule, for many were the tales that had passed round the board; some, fairly interesting, others only passable, but one and all falling on attentive ears and meeting with unbounded approval.

One old grey-haired lawyer, who had

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been quietly sitting listening to a distinguished doctor narrating a story of the war in South Africa, in the pause which followed its close, remarked :

“It is a curious fact how well a man can conceal his wickedness from his fellows in this life.”

The rest, scenting a story, changed their positions, some taking a glass of brandy-and-soda, while others lighted fresh cigars and prepared to listen. For the lawyer, when he deigned, and that happened only rarely, could usually produce a little gem of a story. When the hum and commotion of the various changes had subsided, the lawyer, meditatively sipping from the glass at his elbow, and clearing his voice with a preparatory cough, began :

“James Elwin Dalton was a man of power and influence in the city of Pembroke, where he had settled twenty years before, while the town was yet in its infancy. He was president of its

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bank, lived in the handsomest house within the city's precincts, had time and time again refused political offices and preferment, and was, in fact, universally looked up to and respected by his fellow citizens.

"Alicia Dalton, his only daughter, and the pride of her father's heart, had been engaged for some time to John Heaton, a clever young barrister, who, although not rich, had a very bright future before him. The date of the wedding had been definitely fixed for the eighth of April, now only a short month distant.

"On the afternoon of March 3, 18—, after the Pembroke National Bank had closed its doors for the day, Dalton and Kernan, the old and trusted cashier of the bank, who had acted in that capacity since first Dalton became president, were sitting in the former's private room. Kernan had asked for the interview with his chief because of the reverses which had recently occurred to several rather

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hazardous investments, and now the bank was pressed almost to the wall.

“Richard Kernan was a slow man, who arrived at conclusions only after mature deliberation, while his chief was just the opposite. This did not, however, prevent the latter from appreciating his cashier’s abilities. He also was aware that this man had an absorbing though hopeless passion for his daughter, and although he discouraged it wherever he could, still he did not hesitate to make use of it whenever that redounded to his own advantage. And so we find the two men facing each other in that little room.

“‘I suppose, sir,’ said Kernan, ‘that you are aware of the condition in which we find ourselves placed?’

“The president paused a moment, and then answered: ‘You are not going to back out already, are you?’

“‘No, sir, but’—

“‘Well, then, instead of complaining

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to me, why don't you fix the books so that they will pass the government's inspector ?'

"This reply astounded the clerk. In all his twenty years' dealing with this man, he had been to him a beacon of business acumen and honesty.

"' You don't mean that, sir ! ' was all he could stammer.

"' Oh, of course not ! but you know, better than any one else, that if these affairs are not fixed, myself and *my daughter* will be turned into the street within the course of a week ! '

"' But, Mr. Dalton, what are we to do then ? '

"' Never mind, I'll not steal after these twenty years of honesty. You go home now and—let me see, this is Wednesday —by Saturday morning I'll have bonds to cover our deficiencies.'

"But Kernan was not convinced, and even to his slow-thinking mind, Dalton's peculiar manner gave food for reflection.

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And so while on his way home, he resolved to keep a sharp lookout on the father of the girl in whose service he was bound heart and hand.

"In the palatial dining-room of the Dalton mansion that same night the family, including, of course, John Heaton, were partaking of the evening meal. Alicia and Heaton were planning the good time they would have on their wedding trip, and Dalton himself was listening, a faint smile playing around the corners of his mouth. The last course had very nearly been completed, when the footman announced that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room for Mr. Dalton. Alicia turned just in time to catch the frown that passed across her father's face.

"'Why must these business men always come to trouble you here, father? Can't you tell him to call at the bank?'

"But her father, after a moment's hesitation, passed it off with a jest, say-

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ing, 'How shall I supply you and John with the money for those vast schemes of yours if I do not attend to my business? I shall not be very long, dear, and then I will join you in the library, and we shall spend a pleasant evening together.'

"On entering the drawing-room, Dalton was confronted by a stocky, well-built individual of medium height, with black hair and a pair of black eyes that seemed capable of penetrating to your inmost thoughts.

"Good evening, Mr. Harris, glad to meet you, fair night out, isn't it?" Clearly Dalton was not at his ease.

"Mr. Dalton, I'm a man of few words," was the gruff response. 'I got your letter asking me to rob the Pembroke National Bank, and I'm here to learn particulars.'

"This outburst, brusque as it may seem, appeared to relieve Dalton rather than otherwise.

"Well, have a smoke, and let's dis-

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cuss this business at our leisure. I suppose it was rather strange, to say the least, for a man to connive at robbing his own bank, but here is how I stand in the matter: The funds of the bank are about a million and one-half short. Now if the bank were broken into, I would declare that the total loss was that amount instead of the two hundred thousand dollars now in the bank. The Board of Directors would meet and vote to make the loss good. As a result the bank would again be in a prosperous condition, and no breath of suspicion aroused against me.'

"'All that is clear enough, but I'd like to know where my profit comes in?'

"'There are at present two hundred thousand, in gold and notes in the bank; ready for the first man who can lay his hands on them. Furthermore, the cashier, the only person in this world who could give us away is completely in my power. Does that satisfy you?'

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“It was evidently more than satisfactory to Harris, for after arranging that the crime take place on the following night, he departed to complete his arrangements.

“Perhaps it was the dream of a quiet life free from all hazard and care, arising from the contemplation of that money in the bank, which made him unaware of the fact that he was being observed. For Kernan, walking to and fro on the opposite side of the street, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the woman he loved, came face to face with the man as he was leaving the Dalton home. His training as a bank clerk stood him in good stead, and he immediately recognized the man as Tom Harris, one of the cleverest and at the same time most successful bank-breakers in the country.

“It did not take Kernan, slow and methodical as he usually was, very long to put two and two together and to arrive at a conclusion. He judged that

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Dalton had arranged with this Harris to rob the bank, and that the deed itself must take place within at least two nights, as Dalton had need of the money by Saturday morning. After considerable forethought and not without many hesitations and misgivings, Kernan resolved to keep the secret to himself, to watch the bank and, if possible, scare the robbers off.

“ Thursday night was dark and rainy, just the night for Harris and his solitary pal to carry out their designs. The bank watchman had been taken care of by Dalton, and the policeman was off his beat, thanks to the same person.

“ Harris had succeeded in effecting an entrance, and while his comrade kept watch outside, only after considerable labor, and with a display of great ingenuity, did he succeed in opening the huge iron doors of the safe.

“ It is not hard to picture his dismay and anger, when he found that in place of

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the two hundred thousand he had expected to find there, there was but a paltry three hundred dollars. His curses at the trick thus played on him brought his pard to his side, and the two of them were so excited that they failed to notice the arrival on the scene of Richard Kernan and John Heaton. Kernan instantly rushed upon Harris, but was struck down by a blow from a black-jack. Heaton in the meantime was getting the better of the other burglar, when he succeeded in drawing a revolver and by a chance shot Heaton fell dead, pierced through the heart. The robbers hastily decamped, and it was not till next day that the bodies were discovered.

“While these events were taking place, Dalton was entertaining at a magnificent banquet, that very board of directors, whom, on the morrow, he intended to rob. Little, however, did he dream of the turn his great plot had taken. For five years later, after he had

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buried his daughter, who never recovered from the shock of the young lawyer's death, an immaturely old man, worn with cares and worries, he finally gave up the struggle. In answer to the summons of a voice that would not be stilled, within the unseen precincts of his own heart came, with its court judge and executioner one unfailing verdict of justice. But to the end not a breath of suspicion was there against him, and had he not told me on his death-bed, none, save those who for reasons of their own would not speak, would yet be the wiser."

* * * *

During the course of the tale, the fire had burnt low, the cigars were almost finished, and some were beginning to show the effects of frequent brandies and sodas; so the more prudent moved to adjourn; and the others perforce gave their reluctant consent.

“THE DRAMA THAT WON THE PRIZE.”

“WELL! well! Did any one ever have such hard luck? Nearly every time I want to go somewhere, there's always some obstacle in my way which prevents me from getting there. Now, how on earth can I keep that engagement with Jack Herron to-night, and also write this blame old ‘Tragedy’ which I have to hand in to Father Nolan to-morrow morning? I promised Jack faithfully that I would meet him at 7:00 p. m. to take in ‘The Wizard of Oz’ at the ‘Chestnut,’ but for the life of me I can't see how its possible if I want to do justice to that ‘Tragedy’ and keep my standing in class among the rest of the fellows.”

The speaker was a young, good-looking youth, about eighteen years of age. He was seated at a table in a

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dainty little study-room in one of the largest palatial residences of the city. From the words quoted above he was evidently a college student, to whom some onerous literary task had been assigned, the fulfilment of which would interfere with his attendance at the theatre on that very evening.

Leaning his elbows upon the table in front of him, he rested his head on his hands and thus, in a loud, half angry tone, resumed.

“I was a fool not to begin work on that ‘Tragedy’ when it was first announced, two weeks ago to-day, but no ! procrastinating, as usual. Oh, let it go till to-day, the day before ; come to think of it, Fr. Nolan advised us to set to work on it right away ; wish I had followed his advice. Well, I didn’t, so what’s done can’t be undone. But I’ve given ‘Jack’ my word that I’d take in the show with him to-night, and I’m going to keep it, come what may ! Pshaw ! this prize of

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a hundred dollars the President's offering for the best drama, doesn't interest me at all; I'll not win it anyway, for the simple reason that there are several better writers than I among my classmates; for instance, there's 'Joe' Conway, a dandy little writer, the best in the class; also Jack Herron, he can wield the pen pretty well too. I bet Jack's got his 'drama' finished long ago. Moreover, even were I sure of winning the hundred, I wouldn't lose my sleep and rest over it, like some of the boys are doing, because I don't need the money, and if I did win it, I'd only spend it foolishly."

"By Jove! its now three o'clock, and since I've got an engagement with Jack at 7.00 P. M., I must have dinner at six, and then get into my 'duds' in short order. Writing these darn old tragedies is enough to disgust a person. Father says I'm cut out for a business career, and there I coincide with him, for above

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all other professions, I don't think I'm cut out to be a dramatist; if this is so, I don't see where the writing of a 'drama' is going to be of advantage to me in business life. But the faculty and the teachers, and father, all agree it will benefit me in after life, and so I wont dispute their opinions, knowing that they have more wisdom and experience to back them up in what they say than I have."

Here the young student raised his head, and threw his arms over the sides of the chair in a careless and tired manner. With an exclamation of disgust he threw down on the table the pen he held in his hand, and in a half audible tone began to speak:

"It's useless for me to try and write this tragedy. I can't even think out a decent plot for it; if it were only an essay I'd have no difficulty whatever in composing it, but when it comes to writing a tragedy for a prize contest, espec-

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ially when the best one is to be published in the leading magazine in the city, then your humble servant Carl Williams begs to be excused.

“By the way,” he continued, after whistling softly to himself a few bars of the well-known comic song, “I Wouldn’t Want to be a Playright,” “I’ll skip around to Joe Conway’s house and get a few pointers on this ‘drama’ affair. He’s always got a stock of new ideas on hand, good ones at that. He’s the only one who can give me a lift out of this difficulty.”

Rising from his chair he clutched several sheets of foolscap paper in his hand, bounded out of the house, and shot off like a deer at breakneck speed. A few minutes later he turned the corner of a small dark-looking street, and made his way up the steps of the first humble house on the right and rapped loudly at the door.

“Come in, old fellow,” said a voice from within.

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"How did you guess it, Joe?" queried Carl, opening the door, his face wreathed in one large smile.

"I'd know your knock in a hundred, Carl Williams; it's light and hurried," answered Joe, a pale-looking young fellow of seventeen years, but of noble, intelligent, and serious countenance.

"Taffy!" responded Carl, good-naturedly. "O, by the way, Joe, I almost forgot to ask, how's mother this afternoon?"

"Not as well as usual, thank you, Carl," answered Joe, slowly, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, and his bright blue eyes moistening with tears.

"The doctor," he said, "was here yesterday, and on his advice mother gave up her position sewing for the silk mills. He said that was the only means of saving her life, and if she could but get a few weeks in the mountains, where the air is purer and more invigorating, she would regain her health and strength

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very rapidly. It's impossible for her to go at present, because we haven't the means to send her. But I'm building my hopes on capturing that one hundred dollars offered by our President for the best 'tragedy.' If I could only win it, Carl," continued Joe, his face beaming with joy, "I'd take mother to the mountains immediately."

"I certainly do hope you'll win it, Joe, for her sake," answered Carl; "but that drama affair is precisely what I came to see you about. I don't know much about writing tragedies, and no one knows that better than yourself, old chum. Now you heard me make a date with Jack Herron yesterday for to-night to see 'The Wizard of Oz.' Now I want to keep that engagement, Joe, so I came here to get a few pointers from you on this subject."

"That wouldn't be a 'square deal' for the other fellows, would it, Carl?" asked Joe, in a tone that almost carried

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a refusal with it: "You know the conditions, 'Let each student confine himself to his own task.' Suppose I help you, and you happen to win, Carl; wouldn't that be doing an injustice to our fellow-classmates?"

"Yes, I suppose it would," rejoined Carl, in a half-petulant mood, "But pshaw! 'Joe,' I'm not in for the prize. I don't care a fig for the hundred. You know it's compulsory for all to write a tragedy; that is the only reason why I'm bothering with the blame old thing. I've only got three hours in which to write it, for I want to get ready at six o'clock, in order to be at Jack Heron's house at seven o'clock.

"Come, now, give me some good character that would serve as the subject for a tragedy, something classic!"

"Well, I'll help you on that condition, Carl," returned Joe, slowly, "What do you say to Athalie — that is classic, surely?"

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“Great! fine! none more tragic! just the theme for the occasion!” assented Carl, delightedly, as Joe began to write rapidly on the foolscap: which act of Joe’s, he foresaw, would save him many laborious hours; for he knew that Joe could write in one hour, as much common sense, as would take him to write in a week.

“There’s about three-fourths of the plot, Carl,” exclaimed Joe, rising from his chair, a few moments later, and handing the paper containing the almost completed plot to Carl, who eagerly grasped and rapidly read over it.

“Bully,” cried Carl, “but I say, Joe, this isn’t enough. Start me in on the play itself, begin the first act, lay the scenes, and all the other requisites, won’t you? so that when I get home I can begin immediately where you left off!”

“All right,” assented Joe, good-naturedly, as he took the pencil and another sheet of paper, and sat down once

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more beside the old-fashioned table. Carl looked admiringly on, as Joe's pliable fingers flew rapidly across the page before him. Once in a while, Joe would pause in his rapid writing and think for a moment, then begin again as rapidly as before. These intervals, short as they were, seemed like hours to the impatient Carl, and he urged Joe on, all the faster, until at length, before Joe himself could hardly realize it, he had brought the first act to a finish. Joe turned the paper over to the eager Carl, who grasped it with outstretched hand, at the same time exclaiming :

“Thank you, Joe, for your good turn ; I shan’t forget it. I think father’s library can furnish material for the rest of this tragedy ‘Athalie.’ Oh—anything to get it completed.” Taking up his cap he walked to the door. “Good-bye, Joe, I hope mother ’ll be better the next time I call, and I certainly do hope you get the prize.”

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“Thank you; enjoy yourself to-night,” returned Joe.

“Oh, leave that to me,” responded Carl, eagerly, as he closed the door behind him, and bounded off the steps toward home.

After Carl’s departure Joe spent many laborious hours on his tragedy; at length tired out, he laid down his pen, and rising, entered his mother’s room. She was resting in a morris chair near the window; a mild and intelligent-looking woman, her pale face furrowed with deep lines of care and sorrow, still bore traces of culture and refinement. As Joe entered she looked up and smiled sweetly upon him.

“How d’you do, mother! feeling any better this afternoon?” asked Joe, pulling a chair alongside of hers, and seating himself in it, at the same time taking both her hands in his, and peering lovingly into her eyes.

“Not so well, my son; only resting a

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bit easier," she replied, shaking her head sadly. "I fear I'll never recover from this spell of sickness. If I could only get some place where the air is not so stifling, I know I'd regain my health and strength. Would that your poor father were alive to-day, Joe."

"Oh, cheer up, mother, don't worry! you look a hundred per cent. better than you did yesterday," exclaimed Joe soothingly, striving to check the flood of tears that welled up in his eyes. "You'll soon be well again. Now listen, mother, I've a secret to tell you," he whispered, confidentially. "Our President, kind and generous as ever, offers to the class a hundred dollars for the best tragedy. Think of it, mother, a hundred dollars! isn't that a grand sum? I've made up my mind to win it, and for the past two weeks I've worked early and late on a drama which I've called 'Regulus at Carthage.' I finished it a few moments ago, and it's a dandy—

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you know I've beaten the boys in every written contest, and I hope to do so this time, for I think 'Regulus at Carthage' the best piece of literature I ever composed. Now, mother, I've prayed and prayed to win that 'hundred' just for your sake; and if I do, we'll leave this stuffy old place, take the doctor's advice and start for the mountains immediately."

"God grant that you may, my boy," said she, as a vision of future happiness passed before her mind. "I will pray hard for you to win it, Joe."

"Carl Williams was here this afternoon and asked me to help him with his tragedy. He told me he wasn't competing for the prize, but wanted his tragedy finished in time to go to the theatre tonight. I called his drama 'Athalie,' and wrote the plot and first act for him," said Joe, as he bade his mother good-night and passed out of the room. A few moments later Joe slipped from the house; called and left at the college in

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Fr. Nolan's hands the precious manuscript which had cost him so many laborious and weary hours to compose.

In the meanwhile Carl Williams had arrived home, and had gone to his father's well stocked library. Looking over several books on French literature, his eye caught the title of one called "Dramas from the French of Cadillac."

On hastily turning over the leaves, he suddenly espied a tragedy termed "Athalie." His heart leaped with joy; he had found the object of his search. Wildly swinging his arms about him, he danced around the room, shouting "I'm in luck! A tragedy about 'Athalie!' Just the thing I want! I can take the last three acts from this and add them to the first act which Joe Conway wrote for me. The plots are almost identical; all this'll save time and trouble! No one'll be the wiser! Now I can surely keep that engagement with Jack!" Setting him-

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self to work, save for a few changes, he copied verbatim the last three acts out of the book, and added them to Joe's act. He finished before six o'clock, and by seven he was off to the theatre with Jack Herron. Next morning before class he handed it to Fr. Nolan. Carl's mind was not on the \$100 prize to be awarded, but rather on the jokes, songs and witticisms which the players of the "Wizard of Oz" furnished the night before.

At last the night had arrived on which the prizes in the literary contest were to be awarded at the college. Carl and Joe had met by agreement at the former's home, whence, linked arm in arm, they strode rapidly along the street toward the college, about three blocks away, the one in a jolly and laughable mood, all the while jokingly showering congratulations on "my chum, the winner of a hundred." The other hopeful, but less buoyant in spirits than his mirthful com-

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panion; his fine face, pale and somewhat drawn, displayed traces of toil and hard study. Now and then he would raise his half-bent head and receive Carl's flatteries with a pleasant smile and a nod, which the talkative joker took as signs of approval, and continued at a more rapid rate than before. At length arrived at the college, they entered and encountered a host of students and teachers, many of whom approached the two boys and began to assure Joe that all the fellows considered him the successful competitor.

"Don't be too sure, boys," cried out Joe, somewhat elated over this unexpected preliminary, "you must remember there are fifteen other boys in the class."

"Don't be afraid of them, Joe," piped out the shrill voice of Tom Riley of Sophomore, "they can't compare with you in the writing line. Wait a moment, I have something to tell you." Joe had

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reached half way up the stairs. "I asked Fr. Nolan to-day who, in his judgment, had won the prize," continued the nervy Tom. "He told me he read all the dramas but two, and you," whispering confidently, "had as good a chance as any one of them. Carl Williams's and Harry Carr's were the only two dramas he hadn't read yet. But pshaw! you needn't fear them because they're about the 'slowest' writers in the class!"

"O, I beg your pardon, Carl, I didn't know you were around," said the blushing Tom, half apologetically, on discovering Carl at his elbow.

"No, I guess not," rejoined Carl, with a dark look, "but thanks all the same for the compliment!"

The two chums laughingly entered the hall now thronged with the many friends of the students, and occupied seats in the rear.

"Say, Carl," Joe exclaimed wearily, "I certainly worked hard on my tragedy.

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Have I told you what I've called it? Regulus at Carthage, and for the past week I've been up until two o'clock in the morning putting the finishing touches on it, and last night I hardly got any sleep at all. I just barely handed it in on time to Fr. Nolan."

Carl looked at his pale companion in surprise. "Why, I spent only three hours on mine," he said, "and I consider it a very good one at that. Catch me losing my rest over a small matter as a tragedy."

"Ah, Carl," responded Joe, "you seem to forget the liberal prize that's offered—that one hundred dollars means a great deal to me," this in a saddened tone.

"But pshaw! Joe, why sacrifice your health and strength for such a small sum? Why, its not enough to last a fellow a week at Coney Island," remarked Carl with an air of bravado about him.

"But it's enough to save my mother's life," rejoined Joe in an inaudible tone.

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All of a sudden loud applause was heard, and the boys looking up saw the members of the faculty taking seats upon the stage, while directly in its centre was a small table on which rested the prizes to be awarded. There was but one prize that attracted Joe's attention, and that was the hundred-dollar bill. As he gazed on it his heart palpitated and fluttered with excitement. The long-looked-for crucial moment had arrived. Bearing in his hand a piece of paper on which was written the name of the successful competitor, the Vice-President advanced to the front of the stage, and in a loud, clear voice announced :

“The \$100 prize for the best tragedy in the literary competition is awarded to Carl Williams for his tragedy ‘Athalie!’ next in merit Joseph Conway, tragedy, ‘Regulus at Carthage!’ There was never a boy more surprised in his life than Carl Williams at that critical moment. Bound to his seat as if by

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some superhuman power, he could not move one muscle, nor utter a sound. His face became crimson ; the recollection of the means he used to compose the drama burned his brain intensely. At last, conscious of his guilt, he groaned aloud, while the applause of the assembled multitude sounded like the roar of a hurricane.

But what had happened to poor Joe? Crushed and almost broken-hearted, he let his head fall forward on his bosom, while a cloudy mist gathered before his eyes. His pale face assumed an ashen hue ; he leaned back in his seat a crest-fallen and disappointed boy. He realized in an instant that all his plans were turned awry ; mother's chance for health and strength was gone. How could he tell her? Though smarting under defeat, his manhood asserted itself. Grasping Carl's hand and shaking it vigorously, he exclaimed, "I congratulate you, old chum. I'm glad you won it ! Shake on it, old fellow !"

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“I—I,” gasped Carl, unconscious of what he was saying, “I didn’t win it fairly, Joe! I got—.”

“Carl Williams will please come forward,” announced a voice from the stage. Carl, bewildered and eyes cast downwards, walked slowly to the stage and received the \$100 amid loud and generous applause. Congratulations were showered upon him, but he hardly noticed them, for the thought of being in another boy’s place burned him fiercely. Instead of returning to his seat, he made his exit through a door in the rear of the stage, and stood in the centre of a long corridor. A guilty conscience and a heavy heart forbade him to proceed further; leaning against the wall he suddenly burst into tears, and exclaimed, “O, what shall I do. I’ve robbed Joe of his honor and his one hundred dollars! I dare not face him again. What will mother and father and all my friends say when they find out the truth? I cannot sleep

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to-night knowing myself to be a thief! Here comes Fr. Nolan, I'll tell him all."

Fr. Nolan, surprised at finding Carl in the hallway and in tears, came quickly up to him, and inquired what the trouble was. The grief-stricken lad related the whole affair to the surprised priest, and offered to go immediately to Joe's house and there make restitution.

"Let us go then at once," exclaimed Fr. Nolan, utterly overcome at Carl's recital, "we may yet be able to save Joe from great pain."

Setting out they arrived at Joe's humble home, where they found the poor fellow bending over the table in tears, his mother trying to console him. Coming upon him suddenly, Carl ran forward, and kneeling beside the astonished Joe, and clasping his hand, cried out piteously:

"Forgive me! O, forgive me, Joe! I've robbed you of the prize. I never won it; its yours Joe. I copied my tragedy out of a book!"

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Joe looked up in surprise.

“Take the hundred, Joe, for you’ve won it fairly! but forgive me, won’t you, Joe?” Carl pressed the crisp \$100 bill into the bewildered boy’s hand.

“Why, Carl!” replied Joe, endeavoring to push the bill back, “it was awarded to you. I’ve no right to it!”

“Oh, yes you have, my boy; you are the one to whom it should have been awarded,” broke in Fr. Nolan, “Carl has manfully told me all! It’s your prize, and you must accept it.”

Carl vigorously nodded his approval, and handed the bill to Joe, who was now all smiles, and who, going to his mother, placed the bill in her hands.

“Now shake hands, boys,” said good Fr. Nolan.

“Certainly,” answered Joe, now overjoyed at the sudden turn of affairs.

“Sure!” exclaimed Carl, jolly and conscious of having done his duty.

“Mrs. Conway,” said the priest, “that

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was an excellent tragedy your son wrote ; it should be put on the market. I will see the President about it in the morning."

"Carl," he continued, turning to the two boys who were embracing one another from joy, "I admire you for your manliness ; you hearkened to the voice of conscience, and sacrificed a paltry sum to save your honor, and nobly restored to your best friend what was rightly his. Well done, my boy ! God will reward you for this noble deed !"

Two days later Joe received a telegram, bearing the signature of Carl Williams and father, inviting his mother and himself to accompany the Williams family on a lengthy trip to the Adirondack mountains. It is needless to say that is was gratefully accepted.

Late in autumn all returned healthy and strong, particularly Mrs. Conway, who was the very picture of health.

Joe's play was beautifully staged, and

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for a long while "Regulus at Carthage" was the most successful tragedy of its day. But that was not the only drama penned by Joe. Many others were written by him, which netted him large sums of money, sufficient to give his mother all the necessary comforts of life. Joe is now a successful playwright in one of the large cities of the East, while Carl is a leading business merchant in the same place. They often meet and talk of old times.

Carl's principle still is: "Honor first, last, and all the time." It's the only play that wins.

THE MYSTERIOUS APPARITIONS.

ON the outskirts of the town of Concord, and entirely hidden in a profusion of shrubbery, stood an old colonial mansion. The date of its building was a matter of contention among the residents of the town. True, it was, that the Continental Army, after capturing it from the British, had made it its headquarters. But soon it was abandoned —for the reason that it became the harbinger of distress for some cause unknown. During the struggle for freedom it became the centre of the most disastrous scenes. Once within its grim portals none e'er returned to depict the gloom of its interior. Strangers passing the Sphinx-like figure at night never retraced their footsteps, but were found on the ensuing day with frightfully distorted countenances and mangled forms. Each year the mystery increased. It was pro-

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posed to raze the house to the ground but the superstition of the laborers—pardonable, perhaps—became an impassable dead-lock to the undertaking.

Such were conditions at the beginning of the war. When peace had been declared, and the colonists had engaged themselves in their respective occupations, the Government finally disposed of the mansion. A Colonel of the Continental Army—John J. Newton—a man respected for his valor and integrity, purchased the mansion and surrounding property for a reasonable sum and soon took possession of his new home with his wife and children—two young men and a daughter.

For many months the family lived in content. Occasional mysterious knocks affected in no way the tranquillity of the home influence. The young men denied themselves the company of their friends in Concord for the company of their loving parents. All was peace and

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happiness. The daughter, however, within a few months began to grow pale and wan. Where there was once the elastic step, now lethargy marked every movement. 'Twas obvious that her heart concealed some gloomy secret.

One evening she was seated with the family around the blazing log-fire, and appeared particularly melancholy. Some of the facts had long since dawned upon the family, and they determined to have the complete story from the girl. Gently the father began his questionings. Forced to tell her secret, in obedience she complied.

"At midnight of late, father," she began in a faltering voice, "I have been roused from my slumber by mysterious tappings. At first I thought it the flapping of the wings of some stray bird, but so persistent was it that I determined to lie awake and watch. One night last week I endured this agony. On the stroke of twelve a lurid ray illuminated the

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room and soon dissolved itself into a murky vapor. The tapping increased in violence, and very soon the sound of smashing glass resounded throughout the entire house. Each night as I heard these strange noises I became speechless. In vain I attempted to scream for deliverance from my Satanic surroundings. For two long hours a succession of these strange mysteries struck terror into me. At times, sleep never visited me till dawn, I thought these mere fancies, but to my horror I found them realities, for each morning upon looking at my clock on the wall I found it stopped at precisely twelve o'clock. I have tried to forget all, but the gloom of last night presents the stern reality—father, our home is haunted by spirits of evil!"

The last tinge of color faded from the girl's cheeks, and she appeared as pale as a statue. The excitement which she had wrought in the family had to be

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allayed, and so all pressed her for the truth. To unburden herself meant to alarm the household, but even this course, all declared, would be the most expeditious, for upon her now depended the fate of all. If there were sufficient grounds, investigation should be made, but the most advantageous course could be known only through her story. Reluctantly she continued:

“Father,” she trembled as she spoke, “last night I scarce knew whether to retire or to seek comfort in mother’s chamber. I did not wish to cause any uncalled-for excitement, so I listlessly read a romantic tale, but my mind was directed to the objects about me. ’Till near midnight I heard none of the strange sounds. Thinking, then, that my slumbers would not be disturbed I retired, first taking the precaution to leave my lamp lighted. But sleep was not intended for me. Soon it began to rain, and in vain I attempted to allow

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the patter of the raindrops to lull me to sleep, as you know, the shower became a thunder-storm. Oh, would to heaven I had not lived last night! The anger of the elements raged outside, but the demons of hell reigned within this house. The peals of thunder were answered by terrific crashes. I screamed, but ere the echo died away I was seized by some irresistible force and thrown from my bed to the floor. Once more the lurid flame illumined the room. Objects that had become dear to me now were loathsome and repulsive, and seemed to add to my torture and misery. The massive door, which I had bolted, opened and slammed, and the crash reechoed throughout the house. Again I screamed, and my answer was the hisses of the demons in mockery.

“Suddenly my blood grew cold, for I now heard the wailing of the dying. Father, murder was committed in this house last night, and the torture of chil-

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dren and the agony of men, I knew, from the screams which cursed this house, as I lay upon the floor. Afraid to move, I beheld in the gloom a most hideous spectre. Two eyes of burning coals and a long, vapor-like face and the trailing, transparent shroud of that hideous form, struck fear and terror into my soul. I shall never be able to tell the agony I endured. Silently and slowly it moved from the distance, penetrating walls, and heeding no obstacles. Soon it reached me and riveting its glaring eyes upon me leaned over to"—the girl was unable to speak further, and fell upon the hearth in a swoon.

So peculiar was the tale of the young lady, and so accurately did it correspond with the facts that now began to come to the knowledge of the family, that it was determined to set a watch. If these strange effects were the outcome of natural causes, human beings must in a way be connected with it. If so, the law

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should be dealt out to them to its fullest extent. If, on the other hand, the effects were resulting from preternatural causes, life and prosperity were endangered, and every possible means should be employed to evade an evil so direful.

For many weeks nothing strange occurred. In vain the faithful brothers continued their arduous vigils in the lonely chamber. Watchful and silent they sat through many nights, anxiously awaiting the ill-omened spectre. While their sister lay between life and death, moaning and rehearsing her agonizing story, the brothers in a fever of excitement courted the same calamity.

One night a tremendous crash was heard in the chamber below, sending its blood-curdling vibrations throughout the house. Like their sister, the brothers pronounced it the smashing of glass. The household was precipitated into chaos. Cautiously some entered the room whence the noise seemed to pro-

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ceed. Upon the floor, and scattered in every direction was the once handsome mirror of the family, but strangely enough the frame remained upon the wall. The kind old colonel declared it an accident, and in peace and content all retired to their respective chambers. The brothers, however, were not to be duped by this strange affair. Accidents, they argued, are complete. Why should the frame remain upon the wall?—a question that not only deepened the mystery, but determined the brothers to concentrate all their efforts to discover the secret of this strange affair.

It was now past midnight. Complete silence reigned supreme, and darkness held all in its grasp. The clock in the haunted chamber once more ceased to tick. This in itself savored of mystery, but so occupied were the brothers in their thoughts that this passed unobserved. Again the tapping was heard.

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Fear now seized the brothers. The incident of a few hours previous now dawned upon them in all its significance. The lurid light cast its satanic glow about the room, and the hideousness of hell itself glared from the walls. Unnatural voices echoed through the room.

Silently and trembling, the elder of the brothers followed the repulsive spectre. In its wake were left the sulphurous fumes of some unearthly body. At its approach the dismal clang of chains and the pitiful moans of men resounded as through the caverns of the dead. Life amid such surroundings seemed but a mockery.

Stealthily, however, the young man followed. He had now reached the topmost room, and on entering at the bidding of his preternatural guide, beheld a scene that struck terror into his palpitating heart. The shrieks of agonizing men assailed his ears, and there, as he gazed, he beheld in panoramic view the

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secret of all their misery, woe and terror. Grasping at the massive door for support, it mysteriously evaded his touch, and amid the unearthly laughter of his environments, he fell to the floor. What was first a mere mist, in which he dimly discerned the outlines of rugged men, now developed before his eyes, and he gazed upon a state of affairs too terrible to bear description.

The room to which he had been led was unknown to him. Since the family was a small one, the colonel had thought it unnecessary to tenant the upper part of the mansion. Scarcely ever was it explored. This room, however, into which the young man was led, was of the ordinary dimensions—about twenty by thirty feet. In the centre of the room was a massive oak table and upon it were strewn broken bottles about which the spider had dexterously spun its web. Near the wall were various formidable money-chests upon which

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were heaped the riggings of some time-honored ship. About the table sat eleven sullen-looking men, whose very demeanor bespoke mystery.

A sweeping glance sufficed to tell the young man that he was in the haunt of restless spirits. His courage began to fail him, his flesh began to creep and an indescribable tremor ran throughout his entire body. Cold beads of perspiration stood out upon his face, but the pain and fear affected not his tormentors. He arose from the spot and furtively crept towards the door. His attempt to retreat was forestalled by his guide who, in all his hideousness, now confronted him with menacing look and gesture. He raised his arm to defend himself against this imperious foe, but ere the wish was put into execution, he was hurled with terrific force against the wall. Now did the imps of hell seem to have broken the barriers of their incessant miseries and to have conveyed

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their torture to the abode of men. Horror-stricken did the young man perceive startling changes about him.

Once more the ill-omened, lurid light lit up the room. In no part of the place could he find a spot upon which his eye might peacefully rest. The only one object that presented a natural look was the dilapidated and age-worn clock. It lacked but five minutes of the midnight hour, and so furiously did the pendulum swing, that it seemed as though it would outrun Father Time.

The mysterious tappings were now heard. Although too terror-stricken to move, still the young man listened with deep attention. He watched his unsightly companions in their orgies. At the sound of the tappings all arose. The violent gesticulations of some were sufficient to prove that whoever was the candidate for admission, was ill-favored by some. The specter which so recently struck terror into the young man had disap-

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peared, but his disappearance only threw the revelry into utter confusion. Revolt and panic stared from the eyes of all. They railed against each other and noiselessly struggled among themselves. Some stood in a threatening attitude over the helpless young man. He was seized and dragged by some irresistible force into the centre of the room beside the oak table. Mockingly they bowed before him and saluted him and pointed to the clock now stopped.

Still the tapping increased. This nocturnal visitor, whoever he be, was more feared than an ordinary mortal. He must, indeed, be their master, though why he should remain in obscurity, much troubled the agitated mind of the unfortunate man. When the tapping was heard they ceased their mockery and stood in mute attention and with gaze fixed upon the door. A tremendous crash, akin to the smashing of glass, now vibrated throughout the room. It

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seemed to be an omen too well known to the unnatural occupants, for scarce had it ceased, when all had assumed the position which they occupied on the entrance of the young man. A long, pain-dealing lull followed, and not a sound, save the heavy breathings of the young man was heard. Soon an ear-piercing scream announced the arrival of the chief of the revellers. To the utter chagrin of the young man, the room underwent an entire transformation, and from his home in the suburbs of Concord he was carried bodily to a harrowing scene on the mighty and boisterous billows of the Atlantic.

The reality now dawned upon him—he was among pirates. They began a diabolical ceremony. He heard the wailing and screaming of men and women as if in the hold, and the satanic laughter of the pirates sent a chill of horror through his blood. He scarce knew whither to turn, for from even the very crevices in

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the walls hideous imps were staring at him. He gazed imploringly upon the leader, but to no avail. At the command of the chieftan, he was led to the table and confronted with the ship's log. He was motioned to read. This he did. He found it nothing but a chronicle of the sufferings on the part of their victims. They now showed him the coffers, which were filled with the coin of every realm. But these had no attraction for him whose only desire now was release. But he was yet to witness a scene which no mortal ever survived, and which was a mystery that defied all the investigation of his townspeople.

As he stood beside the table, he heard again the sounds of clanging chains. He had by this time become hardened to its effects, but he now beheld the cause. Before him stood many characters of misery and pity manacled to each other. Starvation had seized upon their bodies, and had begun its

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work of devastation. One by one they fell upon the floor, and all that remained of them was the clay from which they had been created. The work of decomposition soon began, and was soon consummated, and skeletons in all their hideousness stared upon the terrified young man. All advanced upon him, and with menacing gesture demanded him to fall down before them. He cried for deliverance, but his only answer was that he was thrown upon the floor by some irresistible force. The room swam before him. He raised his hands in supplication, and cried out for mercy and deliverance from these unearthly scenes. Again he cried out to his brother, but the words crystallized upon his lips, and seized by a frenzy of catalepsy, he sank to the floor, no longer conscious of the fiendish surroundings.

The morning sun looked upon one sorrowing home in Concord. Upon the

The Mysterious Apparitions

absence of their loving son at the breakfast table, the family was much disturbed, and immediately instituted a search. In the neglected attic they found him frightfully mangled and with terribly distorted countenance. His dishevelled hair and bulging eyes told too well a story of murder amid horror and misery, and added one more crime charged against the plunderers of the ocean's highways.

“THE DOCTRINE OF PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY.”

PROFESSOR VON NICOLASSEN was puzzled. He had read the works of the famous Herr Von Leibnitz and his doctrine of pre-established harmony. But the professor must find out for himself. He would experiment. But he would share the credit of his discovery with no one. Yet to carry out the experiment he must have an assistant. How can he prove the doctrine and yet achieve all the fame for himself?

You must know that Professor Von Nicolassen was a lover of philosophy. He had read the famous doctrine of Leibnitz about the soul and body. How they are like two clocks, built to keep the same time.

“But,” thought the professor, “suppose a soul went into the wrong body.” Would it not be all out of order? For

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surely it would not keep the same time with the wrong body, unless indeed it were built over. Therefore he will experiment. He will change souls with some body. But this is what puzzled the professor. “Who would make the change with him?”

“Ah! He has it. He will ask Hanz Schmidt, who is to marry Gretchen Haupt, just as soon as he can save enough money to buy a house. But the professor will give him a house, 'tis worth it. Besides, all the honor will be his. Hanz will not care.” And so the learned man goes to see Hanz.

As Hanz is leaving, after a visit to his betrothed, he meets the professor.

“How do you do, Herr Doctor,” says Hanz.

“How are you, Hanz,” says the professor, “how is the fair Gretchen?”

“Very well, Herr Doctor,” says Hanz.

“And when are you to be married?” asks the professor.

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“Ah! I fear it will be a long time,” says Hanz sighing. “The times are very hard on a poor man. And it will be a long time before I can buy a home for my Gretchen.”

“Ah, yes,” replied the professor, “the times are hard. But, Hanz, suppose if you should do something for me, I should in return give you a house?”

“Ach! Herr Doctor, surely you are joking,” said Hanz.

“No,” said the professor, “there is something I should like done, and if you will do it, I will in return give you a fine house. But you must tell no one ‘till it is over.”

“Herr Doctor is too kind,” said Hanz. “What is it, that such as I, can do for him?”

Then the professor explained his plan. At first Hanz hesitated. “Was the Doctor sure he would give this soul back to him. Well, if Herr Doctor was certain he would make the exchange.”

“Pre-Established Harmony”

And so they went to the professor's study, and there the two exchanged souls.

It seemed to the professor as if he had been asleep for a very long time. He felt rather queer and heavy. He would go out for a walk. He needed exercise. Perhaps it would clear his head a little. So he went out the door and started towards the river. But you can imagine his surprise when he found himself going the opposite way. He tried to turn, but could not.

“I must surely be dreaming,” he said to himself. But every step he took led him further from the river.

Finally he gave up struggling, and soon found himself entering the house where Gretchen Haupt lived. As he entered Gretchen ran to him, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. To his horror he found himself returning the salute.

“What would my pupils say if they

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saw me now?" thought the professor. He tried to free himself, but it was not possible. Then he tried to scream, but he could not utter a sound.

"Ah, Hanz," he heard Gretchen say, "we can soon be married. Our mother will buy us a house, and when we are married she says she will come live with us. Will you not like to be with your mother-in-law?"

At these words the poor professor seemed to be hit as by a heavy club, and he was conscious of nothing more.

* * * * *

Hanz was very much surprised when, after what seemed to be a long sleep, he found himself in the professor's study.

"What would Herr Doctor say if he found me in here?"

Then he remembered his interview with the professor. He thought of the house. He must hurry back to tell Gretchen the good news. He left the house and started off toward the centre

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of the town. To his surprise he found himself going towards the river, exactly opposite to the direction he wished to go. He tried to go the other way, but found himself unable to go in any direction except towards the river.

“What can be the matter with me?” he said; “I never felt this way before.”

By this time he was passing through a dark and narrow alley. Suddenly two masked men jumped out before him. He screamed and received a heavy blow on the head. Then he felt himself fall, or at least he felt his body fall. He tried to rise but in vain. He saw the men run, and he tried to follow them, but he could not move.

Then suddenly he seemed to be with Gretchen. He was telling her of the house the professor had promised. They talked for a long while about the house, and then began to plan for the wedding. But he was interrupted.

His bodily eyes opened, and he was

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in the street again. He got up slowly, started off, he knew not where.

After a while he entered a house, and there he saw himself talking with Gretchen. At the same time the professor recovered consciousness, and was startled to see himself coming in the door. Then he remembered his bargain with Hanz, and the truth dawned upon him. His soul was in the body of Hanz, and yet was acting as if it was in his own body. The theory was proved.

Not long after, when his soul had returned to its proper body, the professor was talking with Hanz. They compared their experiences, found that the actions of their souls had been identical with the action of their bodies. With this proved, the professor left Hanz and Gretchen to continue their plans for the wedding. It was a great success, and the professor was the guest of honor, and presided at the wedding feast in the new house. But amid all this joy he was unhappy.

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The world could never know his wonderful discovery. He could not bring himself to make known his meeting with Gretchen, and so a most important fact has been lost, alas, forever to the scientific world.

THE ROMANCE OF AN INVENTOR.

THE 23d of December had been a miserable day. A mist had rolled in and enveloped New York in the early morning and gradually thickened until it had turned to a soft rain. This, however, did not seem to deter the New Yorkers from their pleasure-seeking. Joseph Jefferson was to appear in *Rip Van Winkle*, in which role his wonderful art displayed itself to better advantage than in any play in which he had thus far starred.

Now no one who knows the character of the New York theatre-goers will wonder at the Metropolitan Opera House being thronged with a merry crowd even on such a night.

One of this throng deserves special notice. He was a young man, in full evening dress, with light brown hair and

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dark, sparkling eyes, which ever and anon lost their lustre and seemed to be turned inwards in deep abstraction. As he passed along, unaffected by the gay crowd around him, he had many a collision, and at last he leaned against the wall out of the way of the passers-by.

As he was standing thus, half unconscious of the scene around him, he suddenly saw something fall to the ground. This awoke him from his reverie. He went over and picked up a lady's pocketbook. He knew there had been only one lady near at the time it was dropped, and he saw her going towards the entrance of the theatre. Hastening on he caught up with her, and finding that the lost article was hers, he returned it, and received in return a glance from a pair of beautiful hazel eyes, while their owner murmured her thanks in a soft, sweet voice.

The beauty of the young lady dazzled him for a moment, and when he had re-

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gained his composure she was nowhere in sight, nor did he see her afterwards, although he waited till the last person had left the theatre. As the young man was of a rather romantic turn of mind, the vision of the lobby did not leave his mind for days after, and as he was remarkably handsome we might justly assume that he also left an impression on the young lady's mind.

* * * *

George Averen sat in his room, which was also his workshop, lost in what seemed to be a sad reverie. And while he is thus engaged we may tell the reader something of his history. He was a direct descendant of the Averens of Kentucky, whose name is so well known in connection with the early history of America. His great-grandfather had been very wealthy, but his son and grandson had lost it all, and now the great-grandson was driven to rely on himself for a livelihood.

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He was an inventor, and had invented, among other things, a patent clamp for rails, but had been unable to get any one to take financial interest in the invention. He had also invented a new cartridge. And now he came home despondent. He had tried everything and all had failed him. The dream of his life was to make a success of the air-ship, but this meant the use of money, and money was what he could not obtain. He had abandoned hope of disposing of his patents in America, and had come, as a last resource, to London.

In the first place he had to get patents for his inventions, and that meant to interview the lieutenant and sub-lieutenant of this, that and the other, and to pay them all, and now his money was nearly exhausted, and he must do something or starve. This was why he was sad. At last he roused himself, and with a deep sigh sum-

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moned a servant and gave him a letter to post. Then he did the wisest thing possible under the circumstances ; he sought the “balm of hurt minds,” sleep that “knits the ravelled sleeve of care.”

Meanwhile let us take a glance at the condition of politics in England. The Russians had just fired on the English fishing-boats, and public opinion ran riot. Truly this was a bad time to obtain a partner to work a patent. This was the reason for sending that letter which caused the following advertisement to be inserted in the *London Times* :

WANTED: A situation as private secretary. Address: G. A., care of *London Times*.

The answer came sooner than he expected, and in three days he was installed as private secretary to Sir Ralph Barclay. He had a bright, cheerful room, and went to sleep that night better pleased with himself and the world.

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The next morning as he was writing some letters that the old knight was dictating he was interrupted by a cheery "Good morning, Uncle," from the doorway. He looked up and started. It was the very lady he had met in the lobby of the Metropolitan Opera House some months ago. She recognized him, also, and a faint flush spread over her features as he was introduced to her. After a few courteous remarks she left the room. As he afterwards found out, she was Lady Margaret Hernon, a ward of the crown. She lived with Sir Ralph who was an old friend of her father's, and she was considered one of the most beautiful as well as one of the richest heiresses in England. Her suitors were innumerable, and among them was one especially worthy of notice, namely, Sir Vernon, Prime Minister of England.

George's duties were light and except for an hour, morning and evening, he was free to do as he liked.

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Now George was a great reader and so, it turned out, was Margaret. They met in the library often, and at last discussed with one another the merits of this or that book and soon there grew up an intimacy between them which soon led to love. Indeed this is almost inevitable when two young people both handsome and both book-lovers are thus thrown together.

One day they confessed their love, yet both thought it was hopeless.

Margaret had no hope at all, but George, whose habits as an inventor now stood him in good stead, soon shook off this despondency and cast about for some key with which to open this barrier. Two things must be done: first, he must get the king's permission, and second, he must do that without the knowledge of Sir Vernon. This problem cost him many a night's rest. But at last he saw a solution.

A war was pending between England.

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and Russia over the North Sea incident. Now George reasoned that if he perfected his flying machine so that it could carry armor, he could bargain with the king for Margaret in exchange for his air-ship, and if that failed he could try to get her by threatening to hand his invention over to Russia.

His air-ship was complete if he could only find a way to inflate it sufficiently. He puzzled and worked over this until at last he saw his way clear. He thought that if he reduced the gas to liquid form, he could thus get sufficient buoyancy to float it. Straightway he tried it, and to his delight it succeeded.

He had now only to obtain the ear of the king. He went to Margaret and told her what he had done. In the midst of this tender scene, Sir Ralph walked in. He called George to his smoking-room, and then instead of giving the expected scolding, he pitied him, and told him that if there was any way of his

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winning his adopted niece he would help him, but that the case was absolutely hopeless, as the consent of the king would have to be obtained, and Sir Vernon would make that impossible.

Thereupon George told him his plan, and Sir Ralph, who secretly hated Sir Vernon, agreed to help him.

Sir Ralph obtained an audience for George, and he made good use of his time. The king tried innumerable ways to obtain the patent, and still oblige his favorite by conferring Lady Margaret on him, but George remained firm, and his Yankee keenness in driving a bargain stood him in good stead.

Finally, after George had shown all the consequences of Russia obtaining possession of the airship, the king gave him a written consent to the marriage. George and Margaret were married at ten o'clock the next morning, lest the king should repent his decision. They sailed for America a few weeks after, and a happier couple never crossed the sea.

LOST AND FOUND.

Ralph Densmore and Elsie Brown had known each other from childhood; they had been schoolmates, friends and companions, so that when school days were over there existed between them a strong bond of friendship.

Ralph in pursuit of his chosen profession, left the quiet country village and entered college to study civil engineering. His success had been foretold, and now after four years his ambitions were realized when he received a high position from a railway corporation in a western city.

During this time, Elsie had occupied the station of teacher in the village school, where she had received her early education. Life for her had not the many attractions which Ralph enjoyed. Her pleasures were rare except the occasional visits to the city and the de-

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scriptions of college life that Ralph gave her while on his vacation to home. They had always been happy together, but now separation, possibly for a number of years, seemed inevitable.

Farewells were exchanged and although they deeply loved each other, no engagement of marriage was made between them, but there was nevertheless a tacit understanding, that the sentiment had grown into a more beautiful flower than friendship.

Ralph was absent only a few years when he yearned for home, companions and friends of earlier days. He wrote to Elsie telling her of his intended visit. This delighted Elsie who for a long time had been eager to see him, and her joy was further increased by the expectation of a visit from Blanche Myers, a girl friend from the city.

The expected visitors arrived but a few hours apart, and although that evening found Elsie extremely happy, still a

Lost and Found

stranger might have prophesied that trouble would come. Ralph had fallen in love with Blanche.

While Elsie was engaged with her pupils, the two visitors had many opportunities of becoming better acquainted and he was fast being enamored of her pretty face and charming manners. On one occasion, when she felt safe to do so, she told him she had heard he was engaged to Elsie. "Who told you?" he demanded. "Well, it's what everybody says," replied Blanche. "Everybody says a great deal that isn't true," continued Ralph gloomily.

Blanche's visit was drawing to a close. She had enjoyed a most delightful time, and was preparing to return home. At last Ralph decided to accompany her and they both said *Au Revoir* to Elsie.

They had traveled for four hours and were nearing their destination when, without the least warning, a terrible crash occurred—their train had been

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struck from the rear by a fast express. Cars were piled up in every direction, and the scene was terrible to behold.

The shrieks of the injured were heard, and confusion reigned everywhere. Ralph was not seriously injured, but Blanche could not be found. Unfortunately she was the only one of the many passengers fatally injured, and died before reaching home. Ralph was broken-hearted, and in his sorrow forgot Elsie and thought his only love was lost to him forever.

St. James' Church was filled to its utmost, the occasion being the celebration of Solemn Requiem Mass. Miss Blanche Myers was a highly esteemed young woman, and had a large circle of friends. Ralph and Elsie were among the mourners, but more estranged than if hundreds of miles intervened.

Before taking his departure to the west he had to pass the village school on his way to the station, and could not help

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hearing the remark: "Poor Mr. Densmore is heart-broken over the death of an acquaintance of a few short weeks, while he never gives a thought to Miss Brown whom he had known and loved from childhood." "*Loved*"—did he love her? This was the question he asked himself, and he could not answer it. Are we really far asunder? I wonder, or am I indifferent to her?

With faint hope of setting it aright, he thought he would enter and say good-bye.

The result is he prolonged his stay and soon realized that his fondness for Miss Myers was short-lived.

It is not hard to surmise that he learned in a short time that there is no love like the "old love."

A SAD ENDING.

IT was February, 1878. In an old-fashioned deserted mansion overlooking Manila bay on one side and a long stretch of green country on the other sat two men busily engaged with a map.

The elder, a middle-aged, gray-haired man, with a dignified and commanding appearance, was General Chase, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, which was then at war with the Spaniards. The other was his son, Captain Phil Chase. He was a fine looking young fellow of about twenty-three years of age, with black eyes and jet-black hair.

They were expecting an attack at any moment, and were discussing how they could best repulse it.

“I think they will attack our left wing, captain. See that it is well protected, and place your battery on the hill to the west.”

A Sad Ending

“All right, General, I’ll do it immediately. But before I go, father, give me your hand. I fear we are going to have some hard fighting to-night.”

The General took his son’s hand and looked up into his dark eyes. A close observer might have noticed that there was a twitch in the old man’s face as he looked up at his son. They were no longer general and captain, but father and son.

“Remember lad, if we have a battle to-night, to fight as the Chases have always fought and if either of us is killed, let it be said, that he died the death of a brave soldier.”

In answer the boy pressed his father’s hand tighter. Then, without a word, they separated.

The father was proud of his boy as he watched his departing figure, for he knew that there wasn’t a braver or truer heart in the army than his son’s and he knew that he could trust him always.

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As Captain Phil stepped from the house, the amber light of sunset was tipping the tree-tops and the gloom of the coming dusk made blacker shadows gather in the hollows and recesses, visible through the aisles of brown trunks. A faint breeze stirred the trees and the oft-reiterated cry of an owl was heard.

He had not gone far when he heard a tumult over near the store-room. Pulling his pistol from his belt he hastened to investigate, but as he did so the crack of a pistol rang through the air. He fired after the retreating figure and then fell to the ground with the blood flowing from his side.

Then he heard shots rattling forth, as if by magic, on all sides. He knew the battle had begun. As he lay there on the ground looking at the stars and moon casting their ghostly light on the trees, he thought of what his father had said to him a short while before. There was a pang in his heart, when he thought

A Sad Ending

that he would have no share in the battle, for which he had longed so much. When he was picked up he was almost dead from loss of blood.

Meanwhile the battle was raging fiercely. Men were mowed down like grass before the death-dealing shots and the ground for miles around was covered with the dead. At last, during the night of the third day, what was left of the Spanish army retreated under cover of the darkness.

It was the first day Captain Phil was able to leave his bed. He had just finished his breakfast when his father was brought in mortally wounded. At first the sight of the still form on the stretcher almost overcame him, but he soon recovered himself. Going over to the cot, he grasped his father's hand, already grown cold. As he did so the old man opened his eyes.

“Phil, my boy, I am glad to see you well again, for you are young yet and

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your country needs you. Don't worry about me. My minutes are few on this earth. Always love your country, my lad, and give for her the last drop of your blood. It is easy to die when you know that you have done your duty and won."

Uttering these words he heaved a sigh and died.

A big tear, which he could no longer restrain, rolled down Phil's cheek. Kissing the cold forehead, he covered the body and departed, sad and heavy of heart.

The general's orderly afterwards told Phil that his father, at the head of his men, had met the commander of the opposing army, and they both fought it out hand-to-hand. As General Chase thrust his sword into his adversary, a stray bullet had killed him.

THE HOUSES OF HOSSE AND MONTEFORT.

“Ah—I have you there, my Lord;—one more move, and methinks it will be checkmate.”

“Not yet, O learned clerk. Here are our forces, marshaled for the battle—this board the field, these pieces of yellow ivory the hostile armaments. My king is down, but still about him the fight sways gallantly. Thou didst not count upon my queen, Gervase. See, at last! Bravo! Sir Priest, you who did crow so loud, look to your spurs.”

“Nay—yes, 'tis yours, my Lord. Your queen has saved the day. There, now, is one good turn the gentle sex has done you. Shall we play again?”

“Nay, I have had enough, Gervase. See yonder sunbeam, which dances with the noble company upon the chess-board. It has traveled far since we be-

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gan our pastime, and it seems to beckon me out into the bright air of afternoon, for a ride beneath the trees."

Norman Montefort pushed back his chair as he spoke, and took up from a table at his hand a carved and inlaid lute. For a moment his fingers strayed aimlessly among the strings, while his eyes gazed towards the window and the sunbeams. Then, after a soft preliminary chord, he swept off into a strain of great, yet melancholy, beauty.

The few rays of yellow sunlight which found their way through the small Gothic window, cut in the deep wall of granite, showed to advantage his fine face and figure, just in the prime of youthful manhood. The close-fitting doublet and hose of velvet and crimson silk, revealed a form of graceful yet sturdy mould. Nut-brown, wavy hair, worn in long curls after the fashion of the times, shadowed a nobly-proportioned brow. His features were strong

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and aquiline, yet softened with a smile which played ever and anon about his lips, and his dark eyes held in their depths something which told at once of the dreams of the student and the passions of the soldier.

As the last echoes of his lute were lost in the recesses of the chamber, he rose and faced his companion, who had transferred his attention from the chessmen to a beautifully-transcribed copy of the Iliad, and was reading to himself the sonorous lines of the old Greek poet, while with a white and slender hand, he beat time to the flowing rhythm.

“From chess to Greek, Gervase? And what is your hero doing now?”

“Listen, my lord—most beautiful. The goddess—”

“Nay, a truce to your goddesses, and all her foolish sex. Achilles is a noble pattern for all youth—but Athene, and her tribe of heavenly sisters, with their eternal loves and bickerings—bah—’tis

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enough to sour a man forever on the poets."

"Be not so wroth, my lord. Homer is patient; let him bide here until another time. What think you of these verses, of a more modern hand, and sent me by no less a critic than our good Lord Chancellor?"

"Love ditties, I'll wager, every one of them. Ah, Gervase, life is too short, and heaven's air too sweet, for such poor maunderings."

"Maunderings? I am but a priest and scholar, small things these days in the eyes of the great world; yet I can feel the beauty of a flowing line, be it of grief or joy, of love or hate. Carp not at the blindfold boy, my lord; he and his pretty sisters have not harmed you. I look for the day when even thy perverse heart will open to their knocking.

"Do you, in good sooth, Gervase? Nay, when I go about crying like a scalded cat, and dewing all the meadows

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with my tears, tie up my heels to my head, and hang me beside my shield on yonder hook. You speak of love, Gervase, what is love to me? Will love feed an army? hold a garrison? Nay, believe me, it is a poor, blind, half-starved orphan, fit only to sit beneath green trees, and sigh, and sigh, and sigh, until the very branches are swayed with the melancholy breeze. It lives but on honeyed words, speaks but with perfumed breath, and its habitation, my Gervase, is but in the hearts of poor, soft fools, whose wits flew out at the window as love entered in at the door." The young priest smiled goodnaturedly, and, drawing his chair more into the sunlight, turned again to his copy of poems.

From the casement, with the sunshine, came the odor of sweet spring flowers. A wild rosebush, which had found a foot-hold upon the grey sides of the ancient turret, twined its blossoms about the window, and a few graceful stems with

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their sweet flowers, had crept within the deep arch of the wall, and hung close at hand in the sunshine.

After a few turns in moody silence up and down the room, Montefort strode to the window and plucked a spray of rose-buds.

“Here, Gervase,” he said, “here is the love your poets rave about, a pretty plaything. See—look at the dainty petals so colored with pink and tints of white. And inhale their perfume, full of the sweet dews of heaven. But there—let them lie there for a week, among my chessmen—and what have we then? A withered, rotting weed, fit only to be cast back into that corruption from which these smiling flowers drew their beauty. But come, a”—

“My lord!”

A burly man-at-arms, stained with hard riding, a bloody handkerchief bound about his forehead, and in his left hand a broken steel cap, had entered unperceived.

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“My lord,” he went on, “a party of armed men have taken the old castle of Gorlois upon your Lordship’s frontiers. They have raised the flag of the German Prince of Hosse. I passed, and they bade me dismount and salute one they called the Seneschal. They were crazed with wine, my lord, and when I rode on called out curses after me. Like your true man-at-arms I answered curse for curse, and then in the fight that followed this Seneschal, who is more devil than man, beat down my guard; and here I am, my lord, with a broken head and a splintered helm.”

“Gorlois? The Prince of Hosse? Have the leech look to thy wound. Here is a gold piece to ease thy pain; bid the armourer for me, to give thee a new head piece from the arsenal. Thou hast done well.”

“And who is this Prince of Hosse?” he asked angrily after the soldier had left the room. “Some insolent braggart

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from across the Rhine to riot upon my frontiers, to cut down my men-at-arms. By the bloody hand of my father, the Prince of Hosse shall rue the day he touched thrall of mine. Nay, Gervase, spare me thy gentle prattle of forgiveness.

“ Burchard ! Ho, Burchard ! Come hither. Thou art my Seneschal—we ride to-morrow against the castle of Gorlois ; summon my men ; you saw Borgne of the Iron Hand, set upon and wounded by a gang of ruffians. Haste thee, Burchard, we ride for vengeance.

“ Gervase, thou mayest bide at home, if such work suits thee not. There is no law but steel ; insult breeds insult ; no gentler means than bloodshed and death can pale the terrors of robbery and violence. But come—the sun still lingers in the heavens—to-morrow’s fight may wait until to-morrow. To-day let us enjoy the life that God has given us. What say you to a ride among the trees,

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ere the dusk of evening has hid the green tints of their foliage? Ho, my grooms, to horse!"

II.

Down a broad forest road, upon which the sun, now almost sunk from view behind the treetops, cast through their branches golden bars of light, galloped a wild cavalcade. At their head rode Norman Montefort, seated upon a large and spirited Pomeranian warhorse. At his right hand, Father Gervase rode with practiced grace a smaller, but no less perfect bay, whose small head, fine limbs and arching neck told of an Arab ancestry. Upon the left galloped Burchard the Seneschal, and behind them followed a handful of glittering men-at-arms, wearing the blue and silver of the House of Montefort.

For an hour they galloped on, the horses pounding along the hard and even road, and the gay cloaks of the

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cavaliers streaming in the wind. Finally they drew rein, and after a short rest beneath the trees, commenced, at a more sober pace, the journey homeward.

Montefort and the young priest were chatting gayly on the various topics of woodcraft, heraldry and war, with now and then a word upon some more scholarly, if less interesting subject. Burchard had fallen back with the men-at-arms, who, some two spear-lengths behind their leaders, were singing to themselves one of the old lovesongs of Lorraine. Dusk was changing into early evening; ever and anon the deep notes of a bell, tolling in some distant monastery, were borne to their ears; and off in the forest on either hand gleamed the fires of the charcoal-burners.

The talk of the two leaders had turned to the philosophy of the schools, and they were arguing the respective merits of Thomas of Aquin and Duns

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Scotus, when, upon a turn in the road, came to their ears from the gathering darkness, the sound of an advancing squadron of cavalry. In a moment Duns Scotus was forgotten. In those uncertain times, when force held in his mailed hand the scales of law and justice, every man was a foe until he proved himself a friend. Montefort, with his handful of followers, withdrew among the trees, which overlooked the road, and whence, as occasion required, he could either fight or flee, with small chance of being surrounded by overwhelming numbers. Lights flashed from the darkness, and in a moment a strange sight met his view. Twenty knights-bannerets, armed in complete mail, rode in advance; a hundred or more squires and men-at-arms, well mounted, and in perfect order, followed them. Most wonderful of all, surrounded by a dozen youths bearing torches, and waited on by four stately

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knights, dressed in their robes of peace, rode a young girl upon a great black charger. The cavalcade drew up for a moment right beneath the hillock where Norman Montefort stood by his horse among the trees. There seemed to be some uncertainty about the way, for the knight who led the van dismounted, and approaching the lady's side, stood for a few minutes in earnest conversation. Her horse was restive, and as she leaned forward a little in the saddle, Montefort saw something slip from her girdle, glisten a moment in the torch-light, and fall to the ground. He thought of it but for a moment. His eyes had something better to look upon. The light of the torches fell full upon the girlish face before him, and it seemed to him that, out of the darkness of the night, they had conjured up a vision from Paradise. Never had he beheld such beauty—never such just proportion—never such cheeks, such lips, such

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eyes! He bent forward into the darkness which surrounded him, while his heart beat as it had not done on the field of battle. The girl was a picture of the most perfect loveliness. An abundance of dark, wavy hair, caught back with a golden clasp, fell about her shoulders. Dark, olive skin, through whose clear surface, upon her cheeks, glowed the delicate pink of youth and health, matched the deep, flashing beauty of her eyes. The effect of most perfect features, cast in a high Roman style of beauty, graced with a sweet and womanly expression, came to him like a dream, unknown before, sweeter than the poets had ever sung.

As the cavalcade moved on he followed it with his eyes until the lights had disappeared around a turning in the road, and only an expiring torch which a page had thrown away dimly lit up the darkness.

“Come, gentlemen, let us go,” he

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said, and led his charger back upon the road. When all had mounted he was still standing at his horse's head. He flung the bridle to a groom and strode over to the sputtering torch. He groped a moment upon the roadway and then thrust something into his bosom.

"Yes, I thought so," he muttered to himself, and springing lightly upon his steed urged him with whip and spur towards home. Late that night with his hand upon the shoulder of Father Gervase, he followed the long file of his retainers from the banqueting hall.

As they passed before a little shrine of the Holy Virgin where a lamp burned brightly, he paused, and drew from his bosom a small and dainty dagger, in a golden sheath and encrusted with precious stones. He held it up an instant in the light, and read upon its jeweled hilt—*Aletheia de C.*

"My Gervase," he said, "I beg thy pardon for my idle words to-day; I spoke

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in folly. Come to my chamber ere thou goest to bed, I wish to talk with thee. And, Gervase, bring with thee my lute and the book of poems we spoke about to-day, I fain would test their merit.

III.

The shrill notes of a bugle, echoing and re-echoing from the walls of the castle courtyard, awoke the garrison next day at sunrise.

With five knights and a hundred men at arms, Montefort set out for castle Gorlois. Father Gervase had stood at the drawbridge and wished him God-speed and a safe return.

They were but a few miles upon the road when a herald, bearing a trumpet and with all the insignia of his order, spurred up to them and asked the way to Castle Montefort. He bore a scroll stamped with the sign manual of the House of Hosse, and summoning Norman, Lord Montefort, to Gorlois, to

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render fealty, as the paper said in lofty terms, to his over-lord and suzerain.

Montefort said nothing, but ordered Burchard to give the herald a fitting largess and tell him they would ride with him to Gorlois. Yet within his heart he resolved that he would pay his fealty with his sword.

An hour's pleasant ride brought them within sight of Gorlois. The scene was a most peaceful one. Over the keep a broad flag flapped lazily in the breeze. In the distance could be seen the clear waters of the Rhine flashing in the morning sun. The castle was all unprepared. The drawbridge was down, and half a dozen grooms were exercising as many horses upon the grassy plain. The last part of the journey had been through the forest, among whose trees Montefort and his party rode concealed, until the trees came to an end a few hundred yards from the castle wall. In a moment all was activity. Men could be

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seen running with their armor to the walls, the grooms galloped in, and the drawbridge slowly began to rise. Yet so sudden had been the appearance of Montefort, that ere it was three feet from the ground he and five of his knights had raced up the slope upon their horses and leaped them upon the ascending bridge. Borne down by the weight upon it, the bridge sank back again into its place; in another instant a hundred men had dashed across and into the fortalace. Ten minutes sharp fighting, in which the defenders were outnumbered and overmatched at every point, and the castle was taken.

Montefort, hot and exhausted from the fight, his helm gone, his armor battered, set off to find the Prince of Hosse. He picked his way leisurely from room to room, and finally found himself in what seemed to have been, in more prosperous days, the Hall of Justice. As he entered the room, a tall and strong

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figure, clad in complete armor, advanced to meet him.

“Are you the Prince of Hosse?” he cried. “No,” answered the other, “but I am Guy Echard, the Seneschal of this castle which you have dared to attack and plunder. Draw and defend yourself.”

In a moment both swords had leaped from their scabbards. Montefort, though younger and lighter than his adversary, was practiced in the art of swordsmanship from childhood, and parried with ease the blows which were rained upon him. He fought steadily and craftily, and after some dozen cuts and thrusts, caught his opponent’s weapon near the hilt, half dragged it by a violent twist from his hands, and then, ere the man could recover his guard, sprang back to finish the fight by a single sweeping blow. But while his sword was poised in mid-air, a woman’s scream rang out behind him, and caused him to stay his hand.

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In another moment, the flat of a two-handed sword fell upon his uncovered head, and he sank in a heap upon the tiled floor.

When he opened his eyes again night had fallen. Two grim, old men-at-arms were arranging the couch on which some unknown hand had placed him. A few chance words from his attendants told him the whole story.

Five hundred men, flying the banner of the Prince of Hosse, of which the garrison had been but a fractional part, came up shortly after the men-at-arms of Montefort had captured the inner works; surprised the victors, who were intent upon some wine casks they had broached, and regained the castle. With a groan, as he realized what had occurred, Montefort lapsed back again into unconsciousness.

He seemed to be dreaming. A brazier burned in the centre of the room, and threw a ruddy glow upon his couch. A

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gentle hand was bathing his fevered brow. He turned his head a little. . . . Dark, wavy tresses, caught back with a golden clasp, an olive skin, through whose clear surface glowed the pink—

Did he really dream? Had some fairy transported him to last night's station among the trees?—or was it—or—

“Aletheia,” he murmured half aloud, and then, as there came a throb of returning consciousness, opened wide his eyes, and raised his head.

It was no dream. The sweet face was the same, the luminous eyes, the soft, dark, wavy hair—and with a sigh he sank back again among the pillows.

Aletheia de C.—the name upon the jewelled dagger-hilt.

“Mademoiselle,” he said, “thou didst lose thy dagger on the road last night. Thou will find it in my tunic, where I wore it above my heart. Had I but strength to rise”—

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“I thank you, Lord Montefort. And now, tell me what meant thy attack upon our garrison? Thy over-lord”—

“The Prince of Hosse? Why, lady, I know him not. Must I pay homage to every upstart German who claims that honor?”

“You know him not? Nay, the Prince of Hosse has gone to his long rest. Not the Prince, but the Princess, now rules the castles which fly his flag. And methinks it is scant courtesy, my lord, when Aletheia de Corienna, Princess of the ancient House of Hosse, asks homage from those whose fathers honored hers three hundred years ago, to answer her by seizing her castle, and slaying her faithful servants.”

“My lady,” he answered, “to thee, my true Suzeraine, my over-lord for all time, I render homage. Take thou my fealty,—from my heart I offer it,—and forgive me.”

“As it is offered, so I receive it. I

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hear not of forgiveness. My house and thine had long forgotten the bonds which held them of old. I trust we are friends, my lord?"

On a bright morning, two days after the recapture of Gorlois, a dazzling cavalcade set out along the winding forest road. And when Father Gervase, spying from a distance the flag of Montefort, rode out to meet his friend, he was not a little surprised to find among all that courtly train of knights and squires, one fair captive.

And for all time the houses of Hosse and Montefort were united.

BOSCHOVICH'S STRATAGEM.

“So this is the prisoner?”

Nicholas Kuzanieff the governor of the Amur province looked inquiringly at the man before him.

“Well, what have you to say why I should not pass sentence on you?”

“Nothing, your excellency,” replied the prisoner, one Michael Boschovich, “except to repeat that what I said before was true.”

“What! Do you still persist in saying that those articles you published in the ‘Novoe Amur’ were true? Why, that shows Nihilistic sympathy.”

“True, indeed, were the reports, your excellency, but your suspicions of Nihilism are false.”

“Fool,” hissed the governor, “the consequences be on your head! You are hereby sentenced to five years in the mines of Siberia.”

The young man staggered and but

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for the supporting hand of the guard would have fallen. Then straightening up, in a calm and clear tone he addressed the governor. "So, Nicholas Kuzanieff, you thought to buy my silence by threats, that I might not expose your double-dealing and crimes. And having refused, you think to get rid of me by sending me off to Siberia. But remember this, your day of retribution will come, and when you are sentenced, as you have wrongly sentenced me, I will be in the court room to mock you."

For an instant the governor paled, then regaining his composure, he ordered the prisoner to be led away.

* * * *

Five years had rolled by. Michael Boschovich had died three years after entering prison, and Kuzanieff was still governor. Sitting, one afternoon in the late autumn in his private office enjoying his after-dinner cigar, he chuckled with satisfaction as he thought of the money

Boschovich's Stratagem

he had accumulated in five short years. In the midst of his reverie a knock was heard at the outer door, and a moment later the chief of the secret-service police enter accompanied by three officers.

"Governor Kuzanieff," he said, "I have evidence in my possession showing that in the last month you have used some eighty thousand roubles of government money. You are therefore under arrest."

Without replying Kuzanieff put on his coat and hat and followed him.

The day of the trial arrived and Kuzanieff relying on his wealth and influence was confident of acquittal. "How Boschovich thought he would gloat over my disgrace if he were alive, but," he grimly smiled, "he is dead."

The trial had already begun when a reporter with note-book in hand walked down the aisle and took his place at the reporter's table.

Kuzanieff who had been glancing around the room suddenly gave a start

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and turned deathly pale when his eyes rested upon the tall and spare figure of the late comer.

It was Michael Boschovich.

Thereupon his former self-confidence seemed to desert him. He trembled in every limb. Try as he would he could not take his eyes from the reporter.

At last the trial came to an end. He could make no reply to the judge's questionings, and with bowed head heard the judge sentence him to five years in Siberia.

As he was being led from the court room the tall and spare reporter arose, and, pointing at the prisoner, smiled mockingly.

* * * *

In his room that night Basil Muravoff, the noted actor, stood looking at a worn and battered photograph of his dead friend Michael Boschovich. "Ah, Michael, Michael," said he, "to-day your promise was kept. You have had your revenge."

A CLOSE SHAVE.

MRS. KINGSTON blames Henry, Henry blames the barber, the barber—well, as the saying goes, that is another story. But to my own. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kingston were, according to their usual custom, to spend the “Glorious Fourth” at Atlantic City. And thereby hangs my tale.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Kingston on the evening preceding the “Fourth,” “we shall go down to-morrow morning on the nine o’clock train.”

“But, my dear,” returned Mr. Kingston, “I have to attend to some business in the morning, and also to get shaved. The shops are closed now. They will not open ’till half-past eight o’clock in the morning. Why not wait for a later train?”

“Henry Kingston,” said that gentleman’s now irate spouse, “I said nine o’clock. Do you understand?”

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“Yes, my dear,” meekly assented Henry, “I understand,” yielding, no doubt, to some hypnotic power of his wife.

“Well, then,” continued Mrs. Kingston, “to save time and trouble I will go on ahead, buy the tickets and meet you in the train over in the Camden terminal.”

Now there are two terminals, the Pennsylvania and the Reading. Mrs. Kingston had not designated which one of the two. Mr. Kingston, as they had previously ridden on the Pennsylvania, inferred that she meant that station. But of this anon.

* * * * *

The Fourth of July sun rose bright and clear. Bright and early, too, rose Mrs. Kingston and with her Henry prepared to make as early a start as possible under such trying circumstances.

Having breakfasted, Henry left the

A Close Shave

house to attend to the aforesaid business and incidentally to get shaved, having promised Mrs. Kingston to meet her on the train.

At half-past eight o'clock Mrs. Kingston boarded a car, and riding down to Front and Chestnut, got off. Here for the first time it suddenly occurred to her that in her haste she had not named which station.

"Pshaw, Henry will know I meant the Reading, because it is the nearer." After delivering herself of this bit of womanly logic Mrs. Kingston purchased the tickets, crossed over on the ferry, and disembarking, entered the waiting train.

At about five minutes of nine Mr. Henry Kingston walked through the ferry entrance of the Pennsylvania railroad and started to pass through the gate leading to the slip. He was stopped at the gate by an official who asked him, in no uncertain tones, to show his ticket.

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Remembering that his wife had agreed to meet him on the other side with the railroad tickets he retraced his steps, bought a ferry ticket, and crossed over.

Arriving on the other side he disembarked and boarding the waiting train walked through in search of his wife. She was not there. Amazed and mystified he stepped off and was about to board the train on the adjoining track, thinking perhaps she had got on the wrong one, when a tall, keen-eyed man approached and laying his hand on Kingston's shoulder said, "I want you."

"Want me!" exclaimed Kingston, much surprised.

"Oh, don't look so surprised, Mr. Charlie Takem. You've made a clever escape but the game's up."

"I don't understand," said the now-bewildered Kingston.

"Say, that's too thin," said his captor, taking off Kingston's hat and looking at his closely-cropt hair. (Mr. Kingston,

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by the way, always wore his "locks" closely shorn.) "Tell that to the warden at Trenton." So saying, he hurried Kingston into a waiting train.

At precisely the same time that Mr. Kingston was unfortunately apprehended, Charles Takem, late of Trenton, and state's prison New Jersey, was boarding a Reading train preparatory to going to Atlantic City. As his friends all declared, "Charlie has a very taking way about him." For being cashier of an up-the-state bank he decamped, "taking" something like fifty thousand dollars. He in turn was soon taken and sentenced to ten years in prison. Three weeks after and on the third of July he escaped.

Walking through the train, Takem had reached the last car when he was accosted by a strange female with this salutation: "Ah, so there you are, Henry. Well, I had almost given you up and was about to get off the train."

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The person who addressed him was a woman of some forty summers, well dressed and of a prepossessing appearance.

"By jove," thought Takem, "she takes me for her husband. Here's a rare chance to elude the police." Then aloud he answered, "Yes, my dear, I had a close call of it."

"Come, sit down," said Mrs. Kingston.

On the way to the shore Mrs. Kingston spoke of various matters pertaining to Kingston's business. From all this Takem, though ignorant of the matters, managed to extricate himself. Mrs. Kingston had been watching him intently for some time much to Takem's uneasiness, when at last she spoke.

"Henry, what in the world is the matter with your voice? It sounds as if it were cracked."

"My dear," said Takem, "I believe I have a cold."

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Alighting from the train at the station, Mrs. Kingston with Takem in tow proceeded to the boardwalk.

"Now for a dip in the surf," said she.

"No, my dear, I could never think of venturing in with this cold." The truth was he had a peculiar scar on his arm which he feared would betray him.

"Henry Kingston," began Mrs. Kingston.

"Mrs. Kingston, I shall not go in."

What change has come upon the man, thought Mrs. Kingston. For Henry as we know was easily persuaded.

"Very well, then," she answered, "since you do not care to bathe, suppose we attend the bankers' convention now in session on Young's Pier. That will surely interest you. (Henry is watchman of the Second National Bank on L street.)

Interest me, thought Takem, well I should say so; they would catch me in a minute. Then he answered, "No, my

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dear, the truth is, I feel indisposed and do not care to attend."

Believing that he was really unwell, Mrs. Kingston proposed that they sit down in one of the nearby pavilions and enjoy the ocean breezes.

So quickly did the time pass that it was almost half-past twelve o'clock before Mrs. Kingston at length proposed that they should dine. Proceeding up the "walk" they came to a fakir who was offering to guess within three pounds of anyone's weight or weigh them free of charge.

"Do get on, Henry, and see if he can guess yours."

Feebly protesting, Takem at last consented. The dial registered one hundred and forty pounds.

"Why, Henry, you must be losing weight. A month ago you weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds."

"I've been working too hard, my dear."

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At this juncture a newsboy came running from the opposite direction crying "extra! extra! remarkable escape of bank convict." Procuring a paper, Takem read of his own escape and also of the false arrest of Mr. Kingston in connection with the case. The article went on to say that the ex-cashier convict was still believed to be hiding in the state.

"Well," thought Takem, "this explains the lady's mistaking me for her husband. We must be like two peas in a pod."

Turning to Mrs. Kingston he exclaimed, "my dear, a big fire is raging near our place of business, and I shall have to return on the next train. But you may, if you wish, come up on a later train."

"No, Henry, I shall go with you."

At Winslow Junction the train stopped, and Takem, saying that he was going forward to the smoker, walked through to the first coach and, getting

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off unnoticed by Mrs. Kingston, boarded a train just pulling out for Jersey City.

Some ten minutes later Mrs. Kingston picked up the paper which Takem had carelessly left on the seat. The first thing she saw was the account of the ex-cashier's escape. Horrified she read of Kingston's arrest, and then the truth suddenly dawned upon her—her companion was the convict. His changed voice, his refusal to go into the surf or to attend the bankers' convention and the loss of fifteen pounds in weight by "hard work," were all made clear to her. Calling the brakeman, she sent him forward to the smoker to look for the "smooth-faced, brown-eyed, medium-sized gentleman with the closely-cropped hair." The gentleman could not be found; he was not on the train.

"The wretch," gasped Mrs. Kingston, "and yet what a gentlemanly and taking way he had about him." In which latter

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sentiment the bank people, be it understood, unanimously agree with her.

As for Mr. Kingston—well, that is another story.

A WAR-TIME TRAGEDY.

IN the midst of all the hardships which a combination of two such destructive enemies as war and a severe winter are bound to make, Boxley, the home of Squire Merton and of his wife and daughter, was comparatively fortunate. Perhaps this condition of affairs was owing to the fact that up to this time the British army had held undisputed sway over this section of New Jersey, for the Squire, let it be understood, was above all things, a staunch Tory. His only child, Jane, had been engaged to a British captain, Philip Edgerton, long before the war began, and was only waiting a happier time to become his bride.

If there was peace at Boxley, it was more than one could say for the rest of the land. Washington's success at Princeton had worked the country up to

A War-Time Tragedy

a ferment of excitement. Every Whig whom the British successes had for the moment rendered fainthearted, every farmer whose crops or stock had been seized, every householder on whom troops had been quartered, forming themselves into parties, joined the American army in the foot-hills of New Jersey; or, acting on their own account, boldly engaged the British detachments and stragglers wherever they encountered them. Secluded as the Mertons were, the principal achievements were too important not to reach them, and at length they heard how the Hessians had been defeated and put to flight, that Howe and Cornwallis had abandoned all the surrounding country and confined themselves to the mere possession of Brunswick, and the immediate neighborhood, and every foraging party sent out from these points was almost certain of a skirmish.

It was this state of semi-blockade that

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gave the Mertons their taste of war's alarms. Late in February a company of foot and a half troop of horse, together with a few wagons, made their appearance on the road and halted opposite the gates of Boxley. Although the Squire was suffering from gout, still this sight was sufficient to make him bear the agony of putting it to the floor, and bring him limping to the door.

When the officers of the party had approached nearer to him, the Squire cheerfully exclaimed, "Why, its Phil and his cousin John Lewis. Welcome, lads! and all the more because I greatly feared it was another call the thieving Whigs were about to pay my farms. But come in, both of you, and tell your errand over the warmth of a bottle."

"I am greatly afraid, Squire, that we will have to pay a visit to your barns in place of those same Whigs," answered Captain Lewis.

"What?" roared the enraged Squire.

A War-Time Tragedy

“ ’Tis impossible that British regulars would thieve like the rebels ! ”

“ I did my best, Squire,” moaned Philip. “ But somehow or other news came to headquarters that your barns were well filled, and as there is a scarcity of provisions, this is the outcome. But here is a chance to show your loyalty.”

“ The Devil take the lot of you,” was the Squire’s prompt expression of his loyalty. “ As for you, Captain Edger-ton, let me not see your face around here again seeking my daughter if ye dare to do this thing.”

Neither threats nor protestations nor curses served, however, to turn the marauders from their purpose. Once again the outbuilding and store-room of Boxley were ransacked and swept clear of their goodly-plenty, and as if to deepen the sense of iniquity the stable was made to furnish the means with which to complete the robbery.

While the troops were scattered and

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occupied in piling the plunder upon the sleds, a volley of something more potent than the Squire's oaths and objurgations interrupted them. From behind the hedges came a discharge of guns and a dozen of the foraging party, including Captain Lewis, fell. A moment of wild confusion followed; some of the British rushing to where the horses stood, found safety in flight, while the rest sought safety in the big barn.

Here Captain Edgerton succeeded in forming them into some order, but only to find that most of the infantry had left their guns outside and also that the cavalry had thrown aside their sabres to quicken the work.

The Jersey militia had too often experienced the effectiveness of British bayonets and sabres to care to face them openly and so they continued behind the hedge, and leisurely reloaded their guns. Still they, as well as the British, understood that time was against them, for the

A War-Time Tragedy

fugitives would surely bring help, and as soon as it became obvious that those in the barn intended no sortie they assumed the initiative.

Under cover of a volley from the hedge four men leaped forth, and ran for the cow-yard. Two of the infantry that guarded the windows, thrust forth their muskets and fired, but neither of their shots told, for the moment that they appeared five flashes came from the hedge, and the two dragoons rolled over in their last agonies. Before new men could take their places, the four runners had gained the shelter under the barn.

Another moment developed the object of this movement, for through the cracks of the floor suddenly shone a red light, and with it came the crackling of burning wood. A cry of terror broke from the British, and there was a wild rush for the door. As it rolled back a dozen guns echoed and re-echoed, and all the exposed men fell in a confused heap at

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the opening—a sight which made all the others cautious.

All pretence of discipline at once disappeared. The men paid not the slightest regard to the commands of their officers, and one of them displayed a white flag through the window. Edger-ton, trying to prevent him, was caught and firmly held by at least a dozen hands. At that moment the flames burst forth, and the men, with the holder of the white flag at their head, rushed into the open and signalled their willingness to surrender.

Instantly they were surrounded by the enemy, who but for their guns might have been a pack of farmers or field hands. One of them, evidently the leader, demanded: "Do you surrender, and where is your leader?"

"Yes!" shouted the British as they dragged their unwilling leader forward.

"Give up your arms, then," commanded the leader of the guerillas.

A War-Time Tragedy

“I’ll die first,” answered Captain Edgerton, but another soldier caught hold of his wrist and twisted the sword from his hand.

“We’ll give his high British pride a mighty good lesson, and teach you what murdering our generals and plundering our houses come to,—eh, men ?”

After the shout which greeted this remark had subsided, the leader again spoke: “Some of you fellows start those sledges up the road. Have you got that officer ready yet ?”

“We’re ready, but he aint, Cap.,” answered some of the men.

“Up with him then, we’ll teach him a lesson.”

That motley company, without pretence of order, set off on their long, weary night tramp through the snow. Behind them the flame of the barn mounting higher and higher in the air, ever threatening to catch house and all else, lighted the scene which greeted the

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eyes of the frightened family, hastily leaving their home bright with color, save where the swinging body of the young and handsome captain threw a shifting shadow across a stretch of untrampled snow, even to the feet of her who loved him.

A JAPANESE HERO.

JAPAN, the “Island Empire” in the far East, which since the fierce war with China in 1894–5 has been compared to the young and valiant David in his conflict with the giant Goliath, and which again in recent days has drawn the attention of the whole civilized world to blood-stained Manchuria, has excited a universal and intense interest in all that relates to her people.

Crowned heads, wise politicians, merchants and business men are taking the liveliest interest in the Japanese, who have an attractiveness all their own on account of their many traits of valor, energy and patriotism.

At the mere mention of Japan mingled memories of joy and sorrow are awakened in the mind, for many have lost their lives in the bloody conflict that is still raging. During the memorable

The Tragedy That Wins

battle of Kai Ski, when the Russians had defeated the Japanese and taken possession of the town, Anjiro, who had distinguished himself so valiantly during the fight, and had encouraged the others by his example and words, was found by a Chinese citizen badly wounded and unconscious. The latter, though having no love for the poor Jap, pitied him and knew the fate that awaited him if he fell into the hands of the Russians. He determined to bring him into his home and disguise him as a cooley. He dressed his wounds as well as he could, but even at this the poor Jap was even more dead than alive.

At last the victors with shouts of hilarity could be heard approaching, and presently a number of the Russian staff could be seen advancing.

The home of the Chinese merchant was a prosperous and inviting-looking dwelling, and here the staff of Russian

A Japanese Hero

officers determined to enter for rest and consultation.

After indulging in much eating and a great deal of drinking they became boisterous, and Anjiro who was occupying an adjacent room became cognizant of the knowledge that would greatly benefit his country. He crept stealthily from his hiding place and was soon in such a position that he could, if opportunity permitted, steal their papers which revealed the plans of the Russian army. At an opportune time, when mirth was at its height, his chance came, he purloined the papers and at once started to deliver them into the hands of his countrymen.

The journey he accomplished in safety owing to his disguise; and the Japanese tried to persuade him to remain with them, but he refused, saying such an act might cast suspicion upon his late friends. He knew he was not able to fight again and could not benefit the

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cause he espoused. So he decided to return. Upon his arrival he found the Russians gone, not having missed the papers. He was beginning to think that all might yet be well with him and that they would not realize their loss, or if so, not remember where they left them. This hope was an illusion, for he now hears steps in the distance and voices can be discerned in angry tones, and the late guests are searching the house for their treasured papers. In the search, the hiding place of Anjiro is revealed and he is brought forth. His disguise is penetrated and he is accused of being a spy, and of stealing the papers. His guilt he freely admits, exonerating from all complicity in the act those who had sheltered and succored him. He was condemned to die, and was led to the garden. Here a Russian officer was commissioned to kill him, and drawing his sword advanced toward Anjiro. But the wily Jap was not to be taken off so

A Japanese Hero

unceremoniously. He grasped the sword from the unsuspecting Russian and stabbed him to the heart. Dashing onward he struck down another who opposed his escape, but a bullet from a third Russian laid him low in death, a martyr to his country.

THE UNLUCKY TOREADOR.

THE city of Madrid was bathed in all the splendor of the sun's radiance, and the sprouting of every blade of grass welcomed the return of spring. Over the entire plaza the hum of content murmured, so enraptured was the populace with nature's new apparel. This was a spring which only the countries of Southern Europe can know. Snow during even the most severe winter is almost unknown, and the bite of frost is of only short duration. When the northern countries are struggling against the rigorous attacks of the element, Spain has begun to yield to the gentle influence of the African-blown wind, and her prolific soil to produce the best of fruits. Indeed, so enchanting is the spring in this country that nature herself seems to have made this her abode.

Such was the spring which favors our

The Unlucky Toreador

story. On a particular day the city appeared in all the gorgeousness of its ancient tradition. Before the governmental buildings, bunting in profusion festooned the pillars and arches; the homes of the aristocracy were decked with their coats-of-arms entwined with the national emblems, while along the avenues of commerce the banners and flags of Spain flapped to the breezes. The entire city had assumed an aspect of festivity. The school-boy loitered about the church munching at a pomegranate or boisterously beckoned his playmates to some new excitement. The girls, dark-eyed and tanned, brought garlands of flowers to their favorite altars or presented embroidery for the church to their favorite confessors. The cares of the elders seemed to have been left aside, for about the court house and in the principal squares the men loitered, sluggishly laboring with malodorous cheroots and cigarettes. However, these

The Tragedy That Wins

things in Spain portend an “otium” and a time of great festivity and an absence of all weighty anxieties. Well might men be glad, for the entire realm on this day celebrated the feast day of Spain’s patron Saint.

During the forenoon hours the festive tranquillity was not disturbed. The majority preferred to celebrate the great day within doors or upon their verdant lawn. Hence, it was, that till past the noonday hour, activity was only known in its absence. Early in the afternoon, however, a particularly noteworthy activity might be observed among the people. Where, but a few minutes before, the streets were deserted, now streams of people began to wend their way to some distant point. Enthusiasm over some favorite sport was the key-note. Men clapped one another upon the backs and jocosely produced time-honored and time-worn coppers as if to stake upon a favorite in some contest.

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Willingly were all bets accepted and goodnaturedly. A stranger might soon glean from these actions the complete story of the enthusiasm and the excitement of the populace. Castilian blood is soon set boiling over a bull-fight—for such it was that elicited this popular enthusiasm.

Toward the northwestern section of the city there loomed up a gigantic octagonal structure in which the national sport received its audiences. About its entrance a surging mass of humanity sought admittance, and well might they struggle, for on that day there was to be given a performance that bid fair to outrival any of such a character given ever before within those walls. The fame of the young toreador had traveled the area of Spain, and fresh laurels did he win in every city of that great land. With such skill did he dispatch his adversary that he was classed as the most skillful of his day, though it was unassumingly that he

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bore all his fame and chose no other appellation than his patronymic—Don Carlos.

PART II.

In the central part of the great city and in the very heart of this national festivity, was living the one upon whom the thoughts of the populace were centered. But Don Carlos was of unassuming character and mien. He chose apartments that caused neither comment nor surprise. His home was an attic. Upon entrance one found it artistically, though not luxuriously furnished. The visitor to his home found himself first confronted with a magnificent painting of the Madonna and Child. About his couch were various pictures that testified to the reverence he had for his favorite patron saints. Upon the wall was armament of ancient date whose artistic arrangement lent much to the effect. Upon the farthest wall hung an immense breast-plate, while about it in various

The Unlucky Toreador

positions were spears of great length. Upon another wall were fire-arms, once used by the Moorish invaders and captured in some historic carnage. Each trifle in its place, gave an indescribable effect to the apartment.

Seated in the centre of the room and apparently wrapped in thought sat Don Carlos. It was now past the noon hour and he was arrayed in gorgeous attire. It was obvious that he was prepared for some great scene, and his brow was furrowed by a frown. Before him were his writing materials and in his hand he held a quill.

“There,” he exclaimed, throwing down the quill, “I have done with it. Spain cries for my blood. To-day they pit me against a ferocious bull before which so many of my toreador friends have died. And now my blood must stain that arena. They cry for my blood and they shall have it! I shall meet death as I have ever met it—without a fear. My will is now

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drawn up. My all shall go to little Qugelo." He stopped to wipe away the tears that now began to fall. Then with courage he arose and said: "O, away with this womanish habit," and going to a chest towards the wall he selected a case into which he deposited two long sharp-pointed swords. Then with the greatest calm he drew down the blinds, took one parting look about the room, and joined the great crowd on its way to the bull-fight.

Long before Carlos arrived at the arena every available space was taken. Tier after tier was literally packed with sweltering humanity all struggling for a position from which the fight might be witnessed. Women and children occupied the lower tiers, while aged men were left to struggle with the rest. Expectation soon simmered down to discontent and a lull came over the arena. For many moments silence held all. When suddenly all arose and burst

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forth into one long, vibrating cheer at the sight of the favorite Don Carlos.

Bowing deferentially to the mob and pacing to the centre of the arena, Don Carlos shook the hand of the matador and ordered the release of his antagonist. A breathless silence seized the mob as the bull emerged from his cage. Slowly it advanced to the centre, and here pawing the ground, bellowed forth its fearful cry. Stealthily the matador approached the bull and threw before its eyes the crimson flag. Angered, it plunged and bellowed. Adroitly approaching, Don Carlos evaded each plunge of the bull and the populace applauded. Rage now seized the bull, and his answers were a series of interrupted charges of madness and fury. His head, neck and shoulders were veritably full of the agonizing points of torture hurled at him and added much to the fury of the enraged beast. Then, as if awaking to the expectation

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of the mob, the bull tore the ground and pursued the matador. Though skillful in his evading the bull, the matador would have been mangled to death in the bull's rage had not Don Carlos rushed about and delivered a checking blow. It but deterred the beast in his destruction of the matador. And now in its madness and fury it turned to attack Carlos. Its attack Carlos met with a fearful plunge of his sword that sent the boiling blood spurting upon his hand. He withdrew his sword to watch its next act, perhaps death. But there it stood, and bellowed forth its fury in agonizing strains. Cautiously approaching, the matador lured the bull to destruction by a wave of the crimson flag. For a moment it was motionless. Then with indescribable fury it plunged at the blood-stained object. Don Carlos met it half way. Unmindful of the wounds inflicted upon it, the bull rushed on in its wild endeavor to annihilate its

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tempter. About the vast arena ran the pursuer and the pursued. The fearless deportment, which in the most trying circumstances had distinguished and made famous Don Carlos, now entirely left him. He trembled in every limb and his countenance was blanched with fear. The thought of the many whom this bull within so few days had driven to death flashed before his mind. His end, too, had come, and like the drowning man all the actions of his life passed before him.

He was now left in the pit alone to fight the bull—the matador and the attendant had fled from fear. The surging mob rose in its excitement. He was now forced to within six feet of the wall, and his destruction seemed inevitable. Suddenly an ear-piercing scream rent the building. It was that of a woman. Carried away by the excitement in the pit, and in the first tier just over where the toreador was struggling for his life, she leaned over the rail with her child in

The Tragedy That Wins

her arms. The child, too, was much awake to the scene being enacted before him. Like those about him, the child struggled, till finally it dropped out of its mother's grasp into the pit below. It was a few inches behind Don Carlos. The child was but slightly stunned, and so arose. To the utter consternation of all, especially to Don Carlos, who now became his protector, the child began to run. Keeping himself between the bull and the child, the toreador for a time was successful in warding off the rushes of the beast upon the child. Bleeding, wounded, and foaming at the mouth with rage, the beast was now in a terrible condition. It now made a plunge unexpectedly, which threw the toreador off his guard. It was but short work to reach the child, and in a moment all was over. When the mob thus beheld the child mercilessly goared to death, it shrieked its execrations upon the head of Don Carlos. The arena swam before his eyes,

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and he beheld a jeering mass of humanity, condemning him to universal scorn.

He had gained possession of the child—but too late, it was now but a mangled corpse. He stood over it, a sorry picture—distorted features, sunken eyes and disheveled hair—while in his hand was the lowered sword. While he stood thus unguarded the bull made one terrific plunge and pinioned its victim against the wall and then tossed him to the ground. He struggled and arose to a half-sitting position and placed his hand over the wound in his side, from which the blood now spurted in a crimson stream. The other hand he raised toward heaven, beseeching strength to overcome his conqueror. But weakness seized upon him and he struggled in the grasp of death. The cold beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, and with a murmured prayer he sank back upon the corpse of the mangled boy—dead.

THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN NEVILLE.

IT was during the stormy period of the Revolution. The thick, smoky clouds of battle were still hovering about Bunker Hill, and the greensward was covered with the dead and wounded.

Richard Neville, a captain in the Continental army, who at one time had studied medicine, was walking among the suffering to see if there were any to whom he could be of assistance. He was attracted by the pitiful groans of a young man about his own age. He was a fine-looking fellow, with dark hair and black, piercing eyes, in deep contrast with which was the red uniform of a lieutenant in the English army. Richard examined the wound and found that it was not fatal, although very painful. So having eased the pain, he pillow'd his head on a knapsack to await the stretchers.

The Escape of Captain Neville

“What is your name, Lieutenant?”

“Ben Cameron.”

Richard pondered for awhile. “O, yes, I thought I recognized the name. You are the son of General Cameron, are you not?”

“Yes.”

“Well, Lieutenant, here comes the doctor. I will see you later in the day. My name is Richard Neville.

“Doctor, remove the lieutenant to my own private room, and see that he is well taken care of.”

After this, Richard visited the hospital three or four times every day. Their friendship grew stronger and stronger, until one might think that they were brothers, brought up together all their lives.

Some days afterwards Richard was ordered to report to General Sedley.

“Captain, you are well acquainted with the ground about here, are you not?”

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“I know every inch of it, General.”

“You are just the man I want. I have a dangerous task for you.

“It is most important for us to know the exact position of General Cameron’s troops. So I want you to go near enough to the enemy’s line to trace their position.”

“All right, General, but I have one request to make before I go.”

“What is it?”

“That you sign a release for Lieutenant Cameron, who was brought in wounded a week ago.”

“Here it is, Captain.”

Richard, overjoyed, took the release and hurried to the hospital. When he entered the room, Ben was asleep. So, not wishing to awaken him, he laid the pardon on a table near the bed; took one long look at him, for perhaps this might be the last time he would see him, and then started off on his perilous journey.

The Escape of Captain Neville

When Ben awoke, the first thing he set eyes on was the pardon. He took it up and read it. Of course he knew that there was only one man who would go to the trouble of obtaining this, and at that moment he thought that there was not a better man in the world than Richard Neville.

In the meantime Richard was making his way to a certain hill, in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, which would suit him admirably for obtaining a good view of their position. The hill was reached in safety, but he was still exposed to any scouts who might happen to come that way.

He had been seated on the hill for some time and had almost completed his observations, when he was startled by a pistol being thrust before his face by someone behind him. Looking around he beheld one of the enemy's scouts. The next day he was taken before a military court, condemned as a

The Tragedy That Wins

spy and sentenced to death. He asked permission to see General Cameron, but was told that the General had gone away a few days ago and had not yet returned.

The 10th of April dawned with a bright, warm summer sun shining through the prison window. Richard was sentenced to be shot at the stroke of ten. He had now given up all hope of ever escaping and had fully resigned himself to die like a true soldier. A few minutes before ten, shackled hand and foot, he was led out to the execution ground. The guards blindfolded him and six sharp-shooters, one of whom was to shoot the fatal bullet, were marched up before him.

“Ready!” cried the corporal in a husky voice. The six triggers went back as one.

“Aim!”

The six guns were raised to the shoulder and six eyes sighted along the barrels.

The Escape of Captain Neville

But at this moment the attention of all was attracted by a horse coming down the road at break-neck speed. When it came within hailing distance, the rider stood up in his stirrups and shouted at the top of his voice, "Don't shoot! for God's sake!"

They all recognized him. It was Lieutenant Cameron, the General's son.

When he reached the little group, he dismounted, handed the corporal a parchment; then rushed over and cut the cloth from Richard's eyes.

"Come back to life and to your old friend Ben. Your time is not yet come."

Richard was so surprised he almost doubted that he lived. Ben was the last one on earth he had expected to see at this moment.

Ben, however, soon relieved him. When the shackles were taken off, both sat down on the grass and Ben explained how he happened to come at this critical moment.

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“Three days after you left the release at the hospital, I was well enough to leave. So after finding that you had gone on a journey and would not return for some days, I started for our camp. On the way I met my father returning. I started to tell him how kindly I had been treated by Captain Richard Neville, but to my surprise at the mention of your name my father knit his brows and looked sorely troubled about something.

“Turning quickly to me he said, ‘My boy, if you wish to save that man, take this pardon and ride as fast as you can for the camp. An orderly who came from the camp this morning told me that a captain by the name of Richard Neville was to be shot at ten o’clock.’

“Thus it was that I came not a second too soon.”

“So now,” said Ben, slapping Richard on the back, “you will be my prisoner for the next two weeks.”

“THE GAME IN THE CARS.”

It was in the smoker of the Chicago Express. Two friends, Alexander Lindsay and John Shelly, were carrying on a very animated conversation in a very low tone. But their frequent gestures showed that it was something very interesting. The fact is they were both in love with the same girl, and each was showing why the other should give way. Many were the reasons, but none were convincing. Finally Lindsay said, “See here, John, you’ll never persuade me, and I’ll never convince you, so suppose we decide who is to give up by a game of cards. If you win, you have a clear field until she refuses you, then you leave the way clear for me.”

“That suits me,” said Shelly. “What will the game be?”

“Euchre. Three games.”

“All right.”

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In the parlor car ahead, unknown to the two suitors, and unconscious of the struggle for her sake, sat Mary Wolfe and her friend Helen Lamb. They too were having an important conversation, and about the same subject as the two rivals for her hand. Mary was saying:

“You must meet him. He lives near the city.”

“I’m just dying to,” said Helen. “Do you think he knows?”

“I’m not sure of that.”

“Are you sure you like him?”

“Of course I am. I wouldn’t”—

She never finished. At that moment the car jumped, hung an instant in the air, and then rolled over the embankment dragging with it the rest of the train.

Lindsay and Shelly crawled out of their car breathless, but unhurt, save for a few scratches.

“We’ll have to finish some other time,” said Lindsay, after they had re-

“The Game in the Cars”

covered. “Hello, why there’s Helen Lamb.”

“Hello, Helen,” called Lindsay.

“Oh!” said Helen, “I didn’t recognize you at first. But have you seen Mary?”

“No, was she with you?” said Lindsay.

“Yes, but I’m afraid she’s hurt. I can’t find her anywhere.”

“Are you looking for Miss Wolfe?” said a fellow-passenger. “If so, I saw her going some time ago towards that house with some man.”

“Was she hurt?”

“No, she seemed to be all right.”

“Oh, I’m so glad. Come, let’s see if we can find her.”

The three started off towards the house. As they approached, Mary came out, leaning on the arm of a good-looking young man. She seemed very much excited, and was certainly very red when, after introducing him as Mr. Nashe, she said to Helen :

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“Helen, he knows now, and it’s to be in October, and you must be one of my bridesmaids.”

Lindsay looked blankly at Shelly, said something under his breath, and then laughed. Later, when they were alone, he said:

“John, we won’t have to finish that game after all.”

“If you say anything more about that game, I’ll punch your head,” said John.

“TEDDY.”

“WHAT delightful weather we are having,” murmured Mrs. Joshua Brant as she stood at her back door and gazed across the yard. “Why, I really think ‘Teddy’ would be more comfortable out there than in this ‘poky’ house.” So saying, she picked up “Teddy” and deposited him near an old oak tree, cautioning him, meanwhile, not to stir.

Now Teddy, who by the way had not reached the age of two and was still in the stage known as “crawling,” was of an inquisitive turn of mind. No sooner had Mrs. Brant stepped back into the house than Teddy started for an empty dog-house which lay on the opposite side of the yard. Arrived here he “crawled” in and lay stretched out on the floor.

Some few minutes later the back gate opened and a tall, ragged individual with a large covered basket on his arm peered in. Observing that no one was

The Tragedy That Wins

near, he boldly entered and made for Mrs. Brant's cabbage patch situated in the far corner of the yard. The cabbages, with the exception of three small heads, had not fully ripened. Taking the above-mentioned three he deposited them in the basket, closed the lid, and walked out of the yard.

This was, as our scientific friends would say, "the psychological moment." For Mrs. Brant who, up to this time, had been intent upon her work, happened to glance out into the yard and saw a tall, ragged individual walking out the gate with a large covered basket on his arm. Now two weeks before a small boy had been kidnapped in the town of Acton. Like a flash it crossed her mind "Teddy" was in that basket. Rushing out into the yard she saw the toys which he had left lying beside the tree. She gave but a passing glance to the dog-house, never dreaming that "Teddy" lay safely ensconced within.

Teddy

Rushing down the path she beheld the tall individual starting down the road. "Drop that basket, you villain," she cried. Instantly the ragged individual turned about and for the first time observed that he was pursued.

"Ah, the lady wants her cabbages," he muttered, "well, I hardly think she will get them to-day." He then started off at a swift pace down the road.

One hundred yards behind came Mrs. Brant, her hair stretching out to the wind like a streamer. Just below the Brant homestead the road runs past a public park. Thinking to distance her, the man with the basket turned in at the gate and sped down the path. The distance between the two was widening perceptibly, Mrs. Brant's breath coming in short gasps. Standing on one side of the path was one of the "finest" busily engaged in talking with a nurse, and entirely oblivious of the man speeding down the path. Suddenly he heard

The Tragedy That Wins

a woman's voice cry out, "Arrest that man, officer." Mrs. Brant whizzed by. The officer followed suit, reinforced by the nurse, who ran pushing her coach at a speed dangerous to herself and her charge.

Attracted by the strange spectacle, an old man in a rolling-chair, determining "to be in at the death," ordered his attendant to make haste. Two spinsters of uncertain age seeing the strange pursuit, also joined in the chase.

Meanwhile our friend with the basket had reached a small stream which ran through the park. In his haste to cross the narrow plank which spanned it, he slipped and fell into the water. As he fell, the lid of the basket became somehow unloosened. The three heads of cabbage floated down the stream. Shaking himself, he was off again, still grasping the basket, which had again become closed, in his hand. The officer witnessing the discomfiture of the sup-

Teddy

posed kidnapper, and thinking it was caused by the slippery condition of the plank, determined to ward off such a catastrophe by jumping the seemingly narrow stream. He failed by a yard to clear it, and landed in mid-water.

Mrs. Brant with the two spinsters in tow, for the nurse had been left away in the rear, now approached the plank and started to cross. Stepping gingerly on it, Mrs. Brant grasped the first spinster's right hand, while the spinster in turn grasped the other one's right. In this fashion they were slowly nearing the centre of the stream when the plank, which was old and decayed, and unable to support their combined weight, suddenly broke in two and precipitated all three into the stream. The old man in the rolling-chair fared more fortunately. Observing a large bridge some distance away, he crossed over and soon caught up with the bedraggled three, who were hastening to join the officer.

The Tragedy That Wins

The man with the basket had considerably increased his lead, and had arrived at the top of a rather steep hill when another mishap occurred. As he sped down the hill and had almost reached the bottom, his legs seemed to double under him and he fell to the ground. Some creeping vines had tripped him. Jumping to his feet he was off again, and dashed around a bend in the road.

He was scarcely out of sight when the officer, with water still oozing out of his clothes, dashed down at break-neck speed. A cloud of dust arose to show where he had met his second Waterloo. Nothing daunted, he sprang to his feet and again took up the pursuit.

In rapid succession Mrs. Brant and the two spinsters, utterly ignorant of the pitfall which awaited them, madly dashed down the hill. A larger cloud of dust showed that the vines were "still working." In close proximity to them came

Teddy

the old gentleman in the rolling chair, now earnestly exhorting the attendant to increase his speed. The three women had barely time to get out of the way when the rolling chair, caught in the same snare, lurched to one side and deposited the old gentleman out on the road. With the help of the attendant, he soon righted the machine and again joined in the chase.

Just below the turn, around which the man with the basket had disappeared, was a small clump of bushes. All had passed with the exception of the old gentleman in the rolling chair who, glancing in that direction, saw a part of the tell-tale basket. He quickly informed the attendant, who rushed up and found the ragged individual stretched out gasping, on the ground. He was too exhausted to offer any resistance and quietly gave himself up. At this juncture Mrs. Brant, followed by the three spinsters and the officer, being attracted

The Tragedy That Wins

by the old gentleman's shouts, rushed up and demanded her child. The man volubly protested that he had taken no child, and when in compliance with Mrs. Brant's demand, the basket was uncovered, it was found to be empty.

"He has a confederate to whom he has probably slipped the child," said the officer. "So I'll lock him up."

Still protesting, the man was handcuffed, and, accompanied by Mrs. Brant, the two spinsters and the old gentleman in the rolling chair, the march to the station house was begun. On the way there, they passed up the road skirting Mrs. Brant's back yard. The fence was not very high and happening to glance over, Mrs. Brant beheld none other than her own little "Teddy" "crawling" out of the dog-house.

"Officer," she said, "I withdraw the charge."

The little party turned and instantly recognized the reason. For smiling at them from the dog-house was "Teddy!"

A BRIEF REUNION.

"Who is the newcomer, Ed? I met him last night and he impressed me as a fine fellow."

Frank MacWillis, the one who asked the question, was a well-built fellow, six feet tall, with a well-proportioned body and a very athletic appearance.

Ed. Stanley, the boy to whom the question was addressed, was Frank's room-mate. He was not quite as well built as Frank, but he was as wiry as a barb fence.

The scholastic term at Druid Hill College was just opening after the usual summer vacation and both had returned for their graduation year.

"Here comes John Langdale, the newcomer," said Ed. "Come over here, John, till I introduce you to one of the peers of the college, Frank MacWillis."

John was a quiet young fellow of slight build but with so charming a disposition

The Tragedy That Wins

that when one knew him he could not help liking him. This was his first year at Druid Hill College. He had gone to day-college for three years and he thought that he would like to spend his last year at boarding college.

He received a room next to Frank's and Ed's, and they soon became fast friends. That night as he lay awake, (for the sleep of one in strange quarters is never very sound) he wondered why it was they took so much interest in him. Why, he felt as though he had known them for years.

It didn't take long for Frank and Ed. to find out that John was a hard student, and this accounted for his physical weakness. At the end of the first month he led the best boys in his class by a large margin. Ed. had succeeded in coming out third, but the highest Frank could reach, was eighth. Frank, however, had one redeeming trait, namely, he was a skilled mathematician.

A Brief Reunion

Soon after the first month the football squad was out practicing for the annual game with the local Clinton University. Of course Frank and Ed. were candidates, in fact, they had been the stars of the team for the last three years.

At last the longed-for day came. The grand-stand was crowded with excited faces and the air was rent with the shouts of thousands of voices cheering their favorites on to victory.

Among these was John, his face flushed with excitement and his eyes watching every movement of the players.

The game was being hotly contested. Only five minutes remained, and neither side had been able to score. The Clintons nearly did the trick in the first half on a fumble, but Frank was after them in a flash and brought them down within ten yards of the goal line. This was the nearest they ever got during the game.

The Tragedy That Wins

Two minutes were left. Something must be done. Ed. bit his lips and gave the signal for a quarter-back run.

The ball was snapped back.

Ed. and Frank, who was playing full-back, broke through the whole Clinton line and started for the goal. Down they came sweeping away all before them. Time and time again an opposing player tried to tackle them but the giant form of Frank knocked them all aside like so many children.

There was only one man more in their path. He made a dive for them, but as he did so, Frank threw himself before him, and they both went down in a heap. Ed, however, with all the fleetness of a deer, jumped over them and had a clear road to victory. He fell over the line exhausted.

The game was won.

Instantly a roar broke forth from the multitude, that sounded like a clap of thunder.

A Brief Reunion

Ed. and Frank were raised aloft on the shoulders of their comrades and borne triumphantly among the shouting multitude.

That night the victory was celebrated with fires and speeches. Ed. and Frank were the heroes of the hour.

After this the regular routine of college life was indulged in until the baseball season, but since this was their last year, and all three had a very difficult examination to pass, none of them tried for the team.

At length graduation day came. They had all passed very successful examinations.

The friends and parents of all the boys were present, and everywhere there was gladness and joy.

John was appointed to give the valedictory, and such a fine speech was never before heard in that auditorium.

When it was over the three went to their rooms to pack up for their depart-

The Tragedy That Wins

ure. It was a sad leave-taking between them. They felt as if someone very dear to them was about to die, for they might never see each other again.

Frank intended to go to West Point; Ed. to study medicine, and John to prepare for the priesthood.

Thus we will leave them.

* * * *

Years after the day of their departure, the Spanish-American War broke out. Of course, Frank, who by this time had obtained the rank of captain, went to the seat of the trouble. While leading a charge he was mortally wounded.

Having preserved his faith which he had been taught so well at college, the first thing he asked for was a priest.

There was no priest in his own regiment, so one was summoned from a regiment a short distance away.

The priest, on his arrival, took a long look at Frank, for he thought he recognized those strong features. So after he

A Brief Reunion

gave him absolution he asked him his name.

“Frank MacWillis,” answered Frank.

At this moment, the doctor came up and happened to hear the name, but neither Frank nor the priest was aware of his presence.

“Did you ever go to Druid Hill College?” asked the priest.

Frank raised himself on his elbow to look at the priest. No! he could not recognize him as one of his old comrades.

“Yes, I spent the happiest days of my life there.”

A big tear trickled down the priest’s cheek.

“Well, Frank,” he said in a husky voice. “It is wonderful how time changes us. I am John Langdale.”

The doctor could stand it no longer; here were his two old comrades.

“Yes, and I am your old friend Ed Stanley,” cried the doctor.

A faint smile settled on Frank’s face,

The Tragedy That Wins

and he feebly stretched forth his hand to both of them and peacefully closed his eyes.

“Is the wound fatal, Doctor?” asked Fr. Langdale.

“Yes, Father, it is only a question of minutes.”

So there they stayed by the side of their old comrade, the hero of many a foot-ball field, and now the hero of the battle-field, about to draw his last breath and to cross the bridge that separated him from eternity. After twenty years, for a few short moments, were reunited the friends of early college days, the priest, the doctor and the soldier, and then was said a long farewell.

“THE TRAGEDY THAT WINS.”

THE Castle of Monteblanc loomed up majestically against the dark and threatening skies. Low murmured the thunder with strange forebodings; vivid gleamed the lightning, illumining the moss-covered walls of the castle, as if disconcerting the secret that the castle held within itself on this fearful night. The death of a prince of the church was meditated!

Within, the Cardinal Richenza, with downcast head paced the spacious room—his prison—in sorrow, although resigned to the divine will. The agony that struggled within his breast tortured him sorely. Suddenly he halted, at hearing the rasping of a file on the bars of his prison windows. Knowing not whether it were friend or foe, he approached the window in trepidation. He peered out into the darkness and listened, and there, as he gazed, he beheld a full-

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armored knight from the Campagna. The cardinal was amazed at seeing this stranger in the camp of his enemies, the Germans, who had conquered all the surrounding country and were hostile to all Italians.

The knight beneath the window paused and raised his visor. Drawing himself up by his mail-clad hands to the window edge, he raised himself nearer and whispered into the cardinal's ear: "Your Eminence, beware! they seek your life this night—beware!"

Horror and fear blanched the features of the aged cardinal. He recognized not the voice that spoke from the darkness, but he thought then that he was a friend and spoke truly. For more than an hour the holy man knelt in prayer upon the floor, preparing for his approaching end. There was neither crucifix nor picture in which to find solace, but raising his hands to Heaven he cried out: "O God, my Saviour, look down

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with pity on thy abused church. Comfort me, Jesus, in my hour of death.” He uttered no more but sank upon the floor in a faint.

The candle flickering in the candelabra cast its faint rays upon the motionless cardinal. The silence of the dark and still night became oppressive. Suddenly the tread of heavy steps was heard in the halls, as with murderous design the courtiers of the castle moved with stealth along the halls towards the prison of the cardinal. They halted, and drawing their dark masks over their faces prepared for their deed of evil. The Prince of Saxony, the leader of the band, commanded silence and peering through a crevice in the door beheld, to his delight, that all was prepared for the crime—the expiring light and the sleeping cardinal.

But, no. He did not sleep. He arose as if bidden by some guarding spirit. With wonder he gazed at the door where now a great key turning in the massive

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lock was heard. The cardinal arose, and prepared for his midnight intruders. He stood there in the centre of the room in all the majesty of his holy office. The oak-panelled door swung open and in rushed the Prince of Saxony and three men-at-arms. But they stood spell-bound before their victim who looked upon them with calm dignity. Seeing their looks of hatred and cruelty, he sank upon his knees and implored them to refrain from murder, he would die soon and then be no longer their prisoner. But at a given signal from the prince, two men rushed upon him and put forth their strength to strangle the unoffending cardinal. The blood coursed to his head, and the veins stood out upon his forehead as crimson as his sacred robe. Overcome by their vice-like grips, his unconscious form was soon stretched upon the floor and his heavy breathing lent ominous significance to the scene.

As the three courtiers lifted the sense-

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less body of the cardinal to carry it to some distant apartment, the clanging of armor resounded throughout the halls. The prince knew not what it was, and stared as if stark-mad at his three companions, as a tall figure stood upon the threshold. He was, obviously, a knight of noble fame, and bore on his armor the marks of recent conflict. Taking in the situation at a glance, the knight rushed into the room and demanded the release of the cardinal.

The form fell from the hands of the soldiers. Like fiends, the four soldiers, taking their axes and spears which they had laid aside, turned upon the armed defender of right. Over the prostrate body of the cardinal they fought—four to one. The knight bore well their blows and parried their thrusts, lunged at them, and soon had two of the number stretched in death. The prince fought like a demon and cursed his luck. Yet they fought on.

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The din of the fray soon brought the cardinal to his senses. He opened his eyes and feebly begged them to desist from bloodshed. But now it was too late. The knight fought in self-defence, and the termination of the duel could only be the death of the opposing party. The knight had only the prince to contend with. He was a skilful warrior—this prince—and had done much battle in Italy. But his antagonist was his superior in skill at least, if not in strength.

About the room, strewn with the dead, the two warriors furiously pressed their combat. The cardinal had risen and attempted to break between the combatants. He watched the movements of each, and sought his opportunity to delay, and, if possible, terminate the battle. The prince grew weak and was forced to the wall. Suddenly he saw his advantage in the cardinal. Dropping his sword he dragged the cardinal

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to himself by throwing his left arm about his body while his right hand grasping a small dagger he drew from his belt, he held it above the defenseless man's head. The knight, seeing this, held back his blow, as the prince cried out, “Strike one more blow and I drive my dagger into his heart! Surrender at once or he dies!”

Truly was the knight in a strange dilemma: if he strikes at the prince he must needs kill the cardinal, and if he desist not from his duel the cardinal dies by the hand of the prince, and all his efforts would have been in vain. He was there to defend the cardinal's life, not to be the cause of his death.

The two warriors eyed each other with inexpressible hate. They knew not each other's identity: the prince was masked, and the knight had not raised his visor. The knight dropped his sword to the floor, but surrendered it not in defeat. He watched to see if the

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prince would offer violence, and he was ready to shed his own life's blood in revenge. But, no, the prince had received too many grievous wounds, and exhausted sank to the floor, dragging his human shield with him. The knight bent over the exhausted prince, and saw his eyes close. The blood from a wound, torn open anew by the fall, spurted from his breast, and stained the floor. The death throes came upon him: his body twitched and his features were convulsed. He sank back upon the arm of the unknown knight, half opened his eyes, looked upon the face of his antagonist—and died.

“Hasten! hasten!” cried the knight to the cardinal, as he gently laid the dead prince upon the ground. The knight, supporting the cardinal's step, walked through the silent and deserted halls. At the door they came upon another corpse. “He struck me first,” exclaimed the knight, “and I had no time to parley then.”

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“Noble warrior, to whom do I owe my life?” said the cardinal, when they gained the open fields and were about to enter a Franciscan monastery, a few paces from the great castle.

“Dost thou not know me, my brother?” asked the knight.

“Albert, Albert, my brother, why didst thou not tell me?” tenderly cried the cardinal, as he sank upon his brother’s shoulder, with sobs of gratitude.

“I feared for thee, my brother, and I followed in the guard placed over thee, and sought thy release. For days—yea, for months, I watched near thy prison window. One by one I saw thy guard sent away to strengthen the forces of the king. To-day I knew when a great band left, that thou wert guarded by but a handful of men. I sawed at the window to summon thee, and chose a disguise to disarm thy fears. I passed by the guard, who, not recognizing me,

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offered fight. God forgive me for his death."

"This is indeed a sad drama," said the cardinal.

"Aye, a tragedy," replied the Knight Albert, "and one in which right and not might is triumphant—the Tragedy that Wins."

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